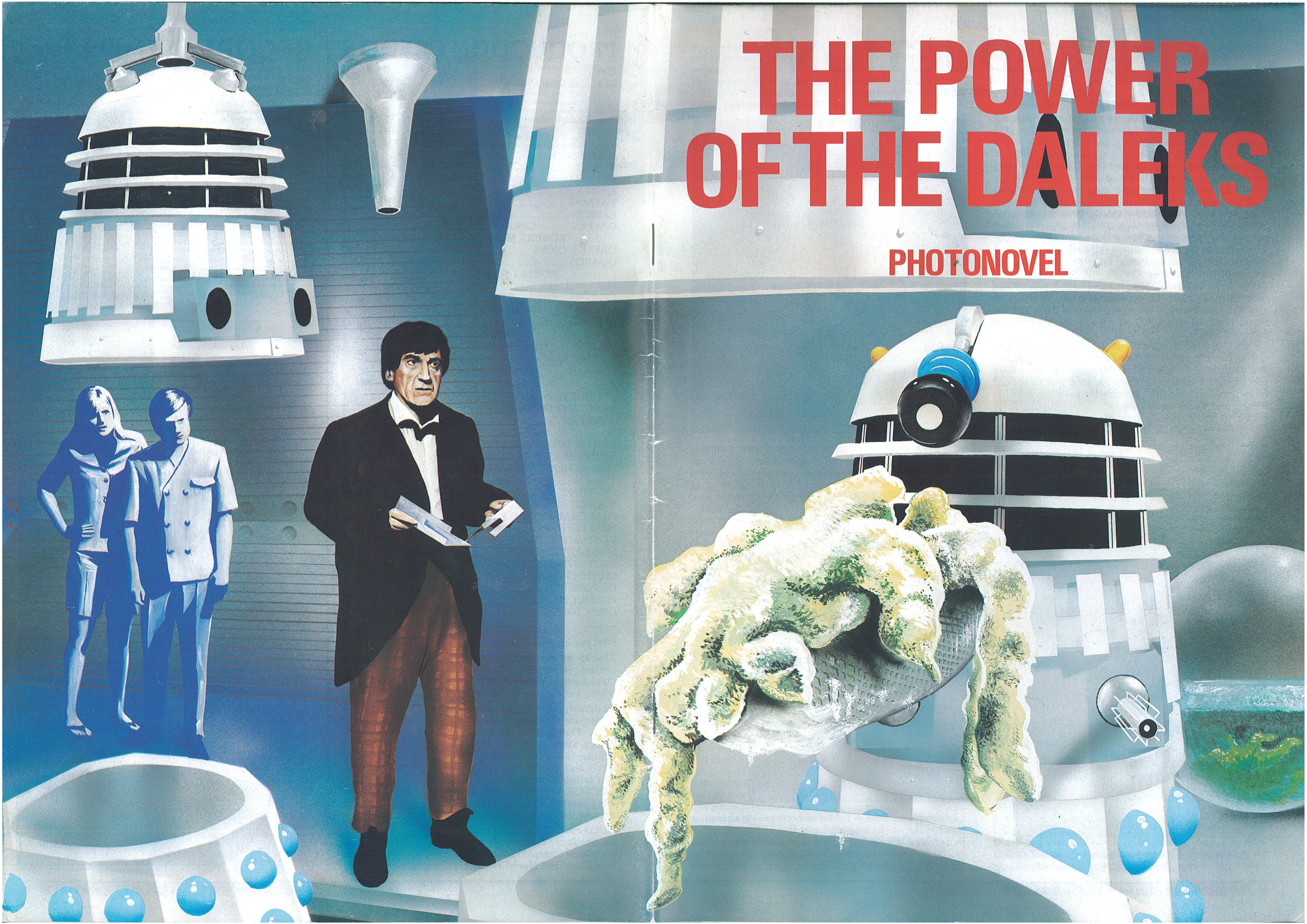
THE POWER OF THE DALEKS

PHOTONOVEL



INTRODUCTION

By JUNE BARRY WHITAKER (May 1988)

As BBC writer and Script Editor David's brief from the Producer was very brief:– *He's called* **Doctor Who** *and he lives in a telephone box — now go and write it!*

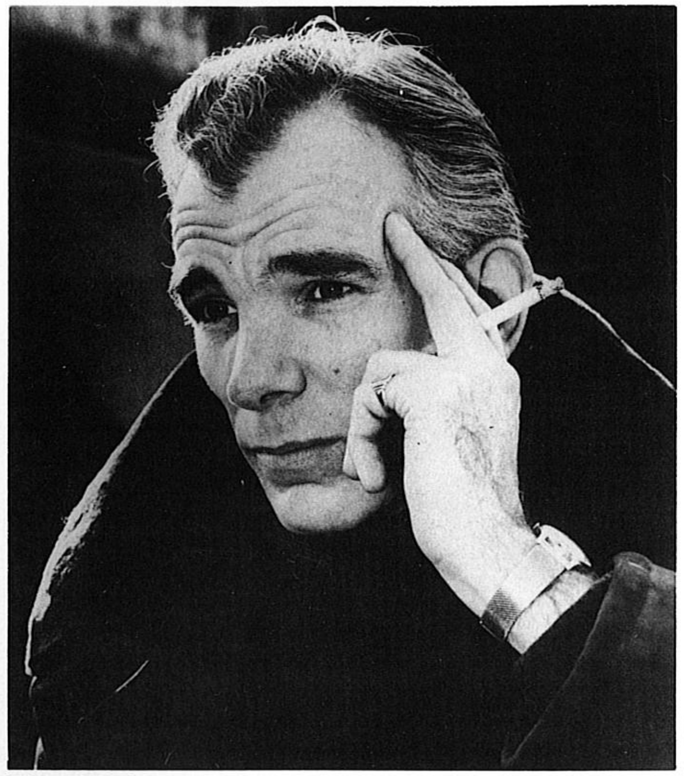
David and I met in 1962 and were married in '63 — just a few months before the first episode of **Doctor Who** arrived on our screens. He had been working on the project for about 18 months, during which time I felt I had two men in my life — the Doctor a close second.

As we watched the birth of **Doctor Who** that Autumn evening in 1963, with wonderful William Hartnell playing the Doctor, and heard the hauntingly exciting theme music, we knew it was going to be a winner. The friends and colleagues who rang David afterwards confirmed our instincts.

The series became a happy and exciting part of our lives for many years. David commissioned new writers as well as established writers and many of them and the actors involved became good friends and part of our extended family.

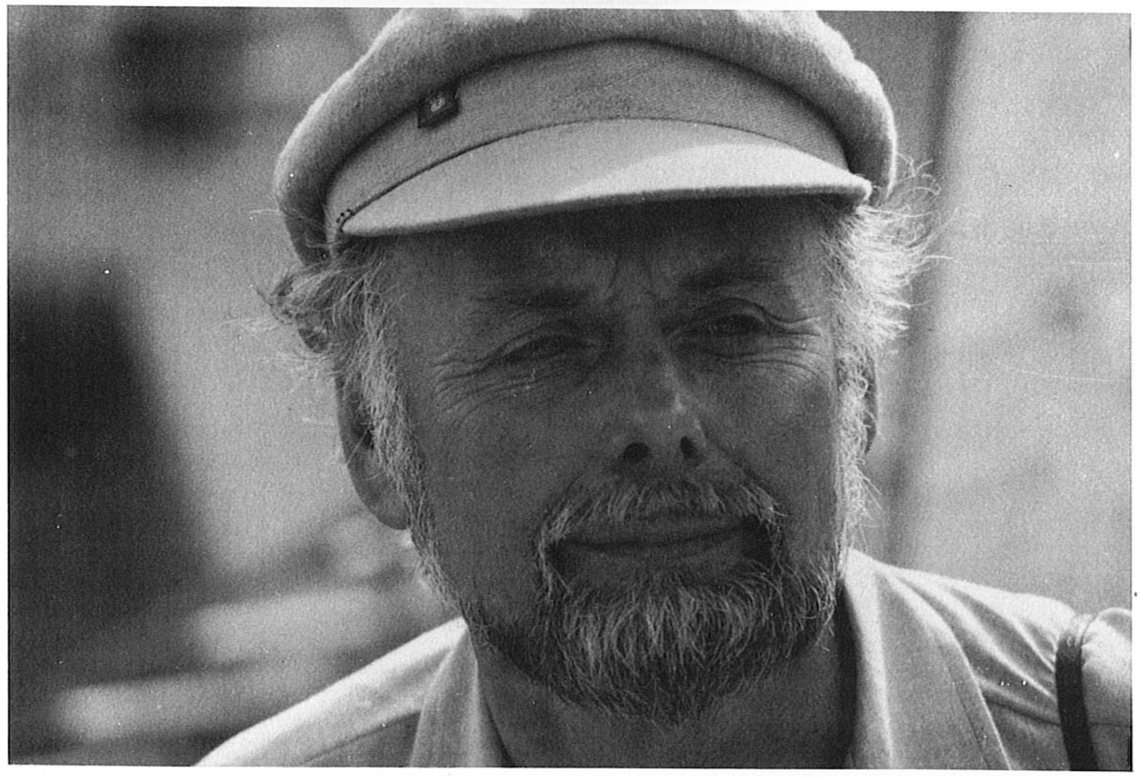
I am delighted the fan magazine **DWB** is publishing one of David's novels — **The Power of The Daleks** — and dedicating the issue to his memory. He was a very special man, we laughed a lot. It is good that he should be remembered for the pleasure he gave through his writing and to his many friends.

One of those friends was the much-loved Patrick Troughton — to whom this issue is also dedicated.



DAVID WHITAKER

By CHRISTOPHER BARRY (April 1988)



It was three years since a bemused public had first been introduced to the space Doctor and his TARDIS on BBC Television and, quite frankly, it was beginning to tire of the programme. Change was necessary and change is what it got. A new Producer, Innes Lloyd, had not long taken over, but now — horror of horrors! — a new actor was to take on the immortal role that William Hartnell had created, for the basic story idea craftily allowed the Doctor to regenerate himself in a different personality, sloughing off his former skin whenever the BBC found it necessary or desirable. It was at the end of 1966 that the time was ripe for the first such metamorphosis and instead of William Hartnell we met the incomparable Patrick Troughton in the role of the much-loved Doctor.

Cries of *Bring us back our real Doctor* were immediately heard (for the first of now many times!), but not only was Pat's new interpretation of the character soon to woo over his sternest critics but Innes Lloyd had been smart enough to summon the Daleks to his aid to ensure a strong start to the new season. There had been a Dalek story in each of the previous series and they had always been winners from an audience point of view so it was a shrewd move to place them at the head of the season for the new Doctor to pit his wits against. And by getting David Whitaker to do the scripts Innes Lloyd assured a firm hand in the writing and a return to the story-telling values of man versus monster fostered by David at the very genesis of **Doctor Who** when he had been Script Editor working alongside Verity Lambert.

So there was much excitement in the air as this new series — the fourth — went into production and soon the combination of a good story, the Daleks and a new, almost whimsical but infinitely lovable Doctor, won their way into the living rooms of Britain and **Doctor Who** was back on course for a further and even longer lease of life.

As Director of this new story (EE in the catalogue) I was privileged to be midwife to Pat's new Doctor. I had worked with him before on other television serials and had formed a warm respect and friendship with him so I was particularly pleased to be asked to direct this important new story. And my pleasure didn't stop there. I had been the Director responsible for the very first appearance of the Daleks on the screen three years earlier and had keenly followed their fiendish progress ever since, so it was exciting to be able once more to have a hand in their destiny, especially with such good scripts as these by David Whitaker with fellow writer Dennis Spooner as his collaborator.

Hartnell, Troughton, Whitaker, Spooner: these names mark the roll of honour of **Doctor Who** together with others such as Mervyn Pinfield, Robert Holmes, Roger Delgado, Ian Marter and my fellow Director, Douglas Camfield, all of whom I knew and worked with and whose memory remains fresh in our hearts and in their works. But it is a crying shame that in the case of Patrick Troughton so few episodes of his **Doctor Who** stories remain in the archives of the BBC and elsewhere and that none of his first story, **The Power of The Daleks,** remains at all.

It was not until Pat's death that anyone had taken much interest in this missing story, but then in a move to present a tribute to the man I was approached to see if I had any photographs or publicity stills either of him or of **The Power of The Daleks** as I had been able previously to supply a few for use in Jeremy Bentham's excellent book, **Doctor Who — The Early Years** and this had whet the public's appetite for more. You can imagine the excitement when I was able to provide a lot more for use in the fanzine, **Celestial Toyroom** and it is these that have now finally culminated in this brilliant photo-novel by **DWB** and which serves as a fitting tribute to both Patrick and to David. The pictures may not move but the story does and I'm sure all **Doctor Who** fans will enjoy it enormously.

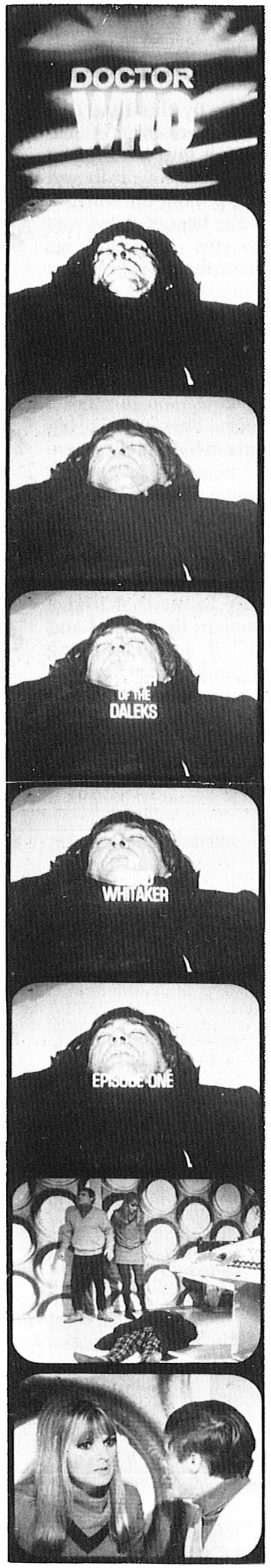
After over twenty years I don't remember a great deal in detail about the actual making of the programme. I've already mentioned how much I enjoyed working with Patrick and helping him to mould the character of the "new" Doctor. I was particularly pleased by the wheeze of having Patrick looking at himself in a mirror and momentarily seeing Hartnell's face reflected there: an easy technical gimmick, but one which served to remind viewers that they were one and the same person, i.e. the Doctor they *knew*.

So popular had the Daleks become by this time that the shops were full of toy ones of all sizes from pencil-tops to "costumes" for children to get into (and if you couldn't get a real one, then getting inside a cardboard box with holes in and a broom stick poking out in front would more than suffice). One of the best of these was a plastic representation about 15 cms. high and we realised that if we repainted some of these and made a simple improvement in the detailing we could create a factory production line for very little cost in model work. As a result Special Effects and the Designer, Derek Dodd, were able to make spectacularly large numbers of three-dimensional Daleks that could move along on a conveyor belt, seemingly endlessly, seen by Lesterson through a glazed panel in the factory door. This was a big improvement on cardboard cutouts which is what we had had to use previously to increase the apparent number of Daleks en masse. The most we ever had full-size and "occupied" was four or five!

This year **Doctor Who** notches up a quarter of a century and looking back over all those years to the beginnings and my part in them may I say that it has been a continual source of pleasure to me that I have been instrumental in helping to sustain the legend and in entertaining and occasionally (I hope) thrilling audiences young and old. As I slip gently into retirement from the production scene, it is immensely gratifying still to be able to help bring through the medium of this book new audiences and fans to the ever-popular phenomenon that is known and heralded all over the world: **DOCTOR WHO.**

PATRICK TROUGHTON

This issue is dedicated to the lasting memories of Patrick Troughton and David Whitaker



Aboard the TARDIS the Doctor has regenerated his tired old body, before the bewildered eyes of his two companions . . .

POLLY: Ben! His face, his hair . . . look at it!

BEN: He's still breathing . . .

POLLY: What are we going to do? We can't just leave the Doctor there?

BEN: 'Him?' The *Doctor?*

POLLY: Well that's who came through the doors — there was no one else outside. Don't you remember what he said? He said *This old body of mine is wearing a bit thin . . .*

BEN: So he gets hisself a new one? Do me a favour!

POLLY: Ben, whatever happened, happened in *here.*

BEN: Nah, that's impossible.

POLLY: Not so long ago we'd have said that about lots of things . . . Ben!

Ben follows her gaze down to the stranger's body whose eyes are slowly opening. Wearily the stranger struggles to sit up but a searing pain penetrates his head and his vision is distorted from the effect of his transformation. He clasps his throbbing head and reels back and forth whispering dejectedly to himself:

Slower . . . slower . . . slower . . . think of one thing . . . concentrate on one thing . . . one thing . . .

He concentrates his thoughts on the TARDIS's control column and gradually the panel of knobs, dials and levers focus clearly in his eyes. Relieved to have his senses back in working order, his face widens into a satisfied grin:

It's over, *it's over!*

The Doctor leaps unsteadily to his feet and pours over the TARDIS controls, breaking the uneasy silence with the familiar materialising noise of the space/time machine.

With a struggle, in which his ring drops from his finger, he discards his predecessor's overlarge cloak to reveal a baggy assortment of clothes underneath, also several sizes too big. Sighting the TARDIS's storage area he stumbles towards it, muttering to himself:

The muscles are still very tight . . .

His two companions look on in confusion as the Doctor rummages through rows of drawers housing his souvenirs of bygone travels.

BEN: What are we going to do?

POLLY: It's the Doctor, I *know* it is . . . I think.

BEN: Isn't only his face that's changed — he doesn't even act like him. Come on, time we sorted this out.

Ben walks over to confront the 'stranger' who promptly thrusts a mirror into his hands.

DOCTOR: Hold this! Tilt it back further, further . . .

For a moment the Doctor imagines he is seeing an image of his former self staring back at him. Apparently satisfied with his new face, he searches the numerous pockets of his jacket but finds none big enough to deposit the mirror. Curiously he pulls out an oddly-shaped object which turns out to be an ornamental dagger:

From the Crusades, from Saladin! The Doctor was a great collector wasn't he!

POLLY: But *you're* the Doctor!

BEN: Who are *we?*

DOCTOR: Don't you know?

The dagger vanishes back into the pocket to be replaced by a dull-looking piece of metal. The Doctor examines it mischievously but his face soon conveys fear as he realises what it is:

Extermination . . .

Ben and Polly exchange puzzled frowns but suddenly the Doctor gives a joyous cry as he discovers the reason for his search; a magnifying glass. He uses it to study his new hands with great intensity:

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, very *very* good. Tsk, Tsk, nails need growing though . . .

Ben picks the ring up off the floor:

The Doctor always wore this. If you are him it should fit.

He grabs the Doctor's hand and slips the ring on, but of course it is far too big:

That settles it.

DOCTOR: I'd like to see a butterfly fit into a chrysalis case after it spreads its wings!

POLLY: Then you *did* change!

DOCTOR: Life depends on change . . . and renewal

BEN (sarcastically): Oh *that's* it, you've been renewed have you?

Turning away the Doctor talks quietly to himself as he seriously considers Ben's remark:

(Renewed? Have I? That's it, I've been renewed! It's part of the TARDIS — without it I couldn't survive!). The Doctor kept a diary, didn't he? Now, I wonder where . . .

Again Ben and Polly are left to watch the Doctor ransacking the drawers and storage spaces, occasionally pocketing various items with childish glee. Suddenly, he comes across a particular object which causes him to beam with delight. He puts his long-lost recorder to his mouth and blows a few random notes, shuffling a few steps of a dance at the same time. He deposits it into one of his many pockets and resumes his search, but not for long as his 500 year diary is in the same drawer . He starts to read but is interrupted.

POLLY: What's going to happen to *us?*

DOCTOR (blankly): We must have landed for some time. I think I'll go for a stroll!

Donning a tall peaked black hat and with his face still immersed in his diary, the Doctor wanders over to the console and flicks a switch, then walks towards the opening doors.

POLLY: But we don't know where we are!

BEN: You should have checked the oxygen, the temperature . . .

DOCTOR: Oxygen density 172, radiation nil, temperature 86, suggestion of mercury deposits. Satisfied, Ben? Now, are you two coming or not?

POLLY: He *does* know us! He called you *Ben,* didn't you hear him?

BEN: Yeah, I heard. Might have just been copying you though, mightn't he?

By now the Doctor was some way from the TARDIS, the diary still occupying his concentration. Around him the barren, mist-shrouded landscape of this apparently desolate planet is littered with craggy rock formations long since sprayed silver by the founts of mercury from once-active geysers. Obliviously, the Doctor is walking towards a small pool of steam-hissing mercury and it seems as though he will walk straight into it, but he stops abruptly on reaching the very edge to turn a page of his diary. He continues, but as if by instinct, his feet trace around the edge of the pool and back on to the path he was following.

Sensing something ahead he looks up and sees a medium-sized rock blocking his path. The Doctor reaches cunningly into his spacious pockets and pulls out a tape measure. After measuring the rock he taps his legs:

Time I put you through some tests I think!

He edges back, squinting as he sizes up the obstacle, then breaks into a run and successfully leapfrogs over it, going down on his haunches on the other side. Just then a man in a space tunic wanders into the clearing. He is the Examiner.

THE EXAMINER: Hello! Is there anyone there? Hello!

Peering over the rock at the newcomer, the Doctor decides that he looks friendly enough and moves towards him. The Examiner extends his hand to return the Doctor's greeting:

"Ah, so you've come at last. I'm from Earth. I'm the Examin . . .

His sentence is cut short by a loud shot and he falls dead at the Doctor's feet. Startled, the Doctor turns back towards the rock for cover but hesitates, wondering whether the victim could still be alive. He edges up to the body and turns it over, but the Examiner is dead. The Doctor notices a badge by the body and donning his predecessor's wire-rimmed spectacles he attempts to examine it, but all he can decipher is a cloudly blur. He soon realises this is caused by the spectacles which he will have no need for in this incarnation and he repockets them carefully and reads the identity card:

Earth Examiner . . . Accord every access . . . Vulcan . . .

The Doctor searches through the Examiner's pouch for information, unaware that someone has crept up behind him. The shiny white-suited and helmetted stranger raises a futuristic-looking pistol to the Doctor's back. Suddenly Ben's voice shatters the deathly silence:

Doctor! Where are you!

The assassin quickly steps behind a rock as the Doctor's attention is diverted. The Doctor senses someone else close by but can see nothing. The stranger reverses his hold on the pistol which he now intends to use as a bludgeon . . .

Elsewhere, Ben and Polly have reached the active mercury geyser and its pool which the Doctor narrowly avoided.

BEN: Blimey, steaming 'ot, ain't it.

POLLY: Do you think the air's like this all over, Ben?

BEN: Don't want too many lung fulls, do we? Course, it may only be around here. We used to live opposite a brewery, when I was a kid, and you

could take a walk and get tipsy all in one go!

Polly kneels by the pool:

It's beautiful

BEN: Don't touch it!

POLLY: I wasn't going to.

BEN: Quicksilver gets through the pores. I wonder where he's got to . . .

As Ben looks around for the Doctor he doesn't notice that a jet of steam has issued out of the geyser, blowing into Polly's face. She coughs and splutters.

BEN: What's the matter?

He goes to help her but she falls against him unconscious. He cries out in panic:

Hey, Doctor . . . or whoever you are. Over here! Something's happened to Polly!

The Doctor, still holding the Examiner's badge, looks around as he hears Ben's voice piercing through the air.

BEN: Where are you? Over this way!

The Doctor moves towards the voice but as he passes a rock the white-suited figure emerges from behind and strikes the Doctor's head with his pistol and he slips unconsciously to the ground. The stranger then plants a button into the inert Doctor's free hand and hurriedly drags the Examiner's body away.

Meanwhile Ben decides to move Polly away from the pool but as he struggles to lift her the jet of toxic vapour spurts out again and begins enveloping him. As he slips into unconsciousness Ben notices a white-suited man with a pistol approaching.

The Doctor's semi-conscious body has been found by two more white-suited strangers; a young fellow called Quinn and an older man called Bragen. Feigning unconsciousness, the Doctor listens alertly to their conversation.

BRAGEN: My men have found two more by one of the pools.

QUINN: This one looks like he's fallen over his feet and knocked himself out. Why don't they use the kit we send them?

BRAGEN: The other two have had pretty bad doses of fumes, especially the girl.

QUINN: Girl?

BRAGEN: Yes, but they'll recover.

Relieved, the Doctor squints to see two more white-suited men approaching, one carrying Polly and the other helping Ben who has partially recovered.

QUINN: These comic opera guards of yours *do* have some uses after all.

BRAGEN: Yes, I pick them for their physical fitness chiefly.

QUINN: I thought it wasn't for their IQ. Give me a hand with the Examiner.

He picks up the badge near the Doctor's hand.

BRAGEN: I wonder why Earth's sent an Examiner to Vulcan? Just now, I mean. Mysterious isn't it? He isn't really due for another two years.

Ben shakes his head confusedly, trying to collect his thoughts.

QUINN: How do you feel? We saw your rocket overshoot the landing area. Most of the ships from Earth do over-shoot so don't worry about it. I'm Quinn, the Deputy Governor.

BRAGEN: Bragen, Head of Security.

QUINN: Let's get them back. I'll take the girl.

BRAGEN: Right. I'll carry the young man if necessary.

BEN: I'm all right.

Quinn gives Bragen a wry smile. He turns his back and Bragen directs a look of pent-up hatred at the young upstart.

BRAGEN: I suppose you Earth people can't wait to see Lesterson's space capsule?

BEN: Eh?

Ben watches the Doctor being carried away and is surprised to see his eyes flicker open, wink at him, and shut again.

Lesterson is sitting in his laboratory polishing a dull-coloured piece of metal. A young and attractive girl enters the room.

JANLEY: Lesterson . . .

LESTERSON: Look at this.

JANLEY: They've just brought in an Examiner from Earth, and a couple of assistants.

LESTERSON: An *Examiner*? What's he here for?

JANLEY: I thought you'd know.

LESTERSON: It's the capsule, it must be. They won't stop me working on it, I'll tell you that . . .

Lesterson turns to face the capsule in question; a *space* capsule which dominates the entire room. The hatched roof indicates it was originally lowered into the laboratory.

JANLEY: Could anybody?

LESTERSON: The Governor's always been difficult about it. But surely they wouldn't have come all the way from Earth just to . . .

JANLEY: Look, what about the meeting?

LESTERSON: meeting?

JANLEY: I've arranged everything. Can we still use the old rocket room?

LESTERSON: Yes, I suppose so. I wish you wouldn't get mixed up with these pressure groups, Janley.

JANLEY: Somebody has to do something. The colony's running down and you know it.

LESTERSON: I'm too busy.

JANLEY: If we ran things, you'd have better facilities, more money. I wish you'd take an interest.

LESTERSON: I don't mind letting you use one of my rooms now and again, but don't try and involve me. *This* is what *I* call important. Two hundred years in a mercury swamp.

He holds up the piece of metal

LESTERSON: And this piece of metal came out of the capsule. Just dropped out, Janley . . . and look at it! A few minutes polishing and it's as good as new.

JANLEY (bored): Wonderful.

LESTERSON: Rain, damp, heat, mercury — nothing touches this metal. No corrosion Janley, think of that alone.

JANLEY: Well, I hope the Examiner lets you go on with your experiments. Frankly I doubt it . . .

I think the Governor's brought the Examiner here to stop you opening the capsule. You should join our group, Lesterson. You might need us one day . . .

Lesterson watches her leave, his face clearly worried.

In a rest room elsewhere in the colony, the Doctor is blowing tunelessly into his recorder while being questioned by Ben and Polly.

BEN: The murdered man was the real Examiner then?

The Doctor blows a long note as he nods slowly and returns to his abstract playing.

And you didn't see who did it?

The Doctor shakes his head, blowing a variety of short notes. Polly holds out her hand:

The Doctor got this button though . . .

BEN: Well, I think it's pretty dull around here meself — why don't we just go back to the TARDIS?

The Doctor again shakes his head, blowing the recorder.

POLLY: Doctor, Are you going to let them think you're the Examiner?

The Doctor nods mischievously, blowing a "Yes" note on the recorder.

POLLY: Won't that be dangerous?

The Doctor considers, then in turn blows and indicates "Yes — No — Yes".

BEN: Why don't you stop blowing that thing and talk to us properly?

Ben confiscates the recorder from the hurt-looking Doctor.

POLLY: Ben!

BEN: Now don't *you* start — bad enough with *him*.

POLLY: He hasn't done anything . . .

BEN: Yeah, and that's the trouble! He knows what happened back at the Tardis — but will he tell us? Will he come right out and say? Will he admit to being the Doctor?

Ben shakes his head and in mimicking the Doctor blows a variety of tuneless notes. He stops abruptly as he hears a knock at the door:

Come in.

Bragen and Hensell, the Governor of Vulcan, walk into the room.

HENSELL: I am Hensell the Governor. I trust that you're all feeling much better?

The Doctor takes the button from Polly and pockets it.

BEN: Felt worse, mate. Er, Governor . . .

HENSELL: If Earth had seen fit to warn us you were coming, we might possibly have guided you down to the landing area.

DOCTOR: If Earth didn't tell you I was coming, Governor, they must have had a very good reason. I *wonder what it was*?

HENSELL: I run this Colony, I'm entitled to know, why have you come to Vulcan? What's your brief?

DOCTOR: I am the Examiner . . .

HENSELL: *Why are you here*?

DOCTOR: To examine. And I intend to start my examinations at once!

At once the Doctor moves forward and starts to examine Bragen's uniform. He is really searching for torn material but causes much consternation amongst his onlookers.

HENSELL: Somebody's leaked a report about these Rebel Groups — that's it, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Your turn, Governor . . .

The Doctor moves across to scrutinise the Governor's uniform . . .

BRAGEN: There *is* Lesterson's capsule . . .

HENSELL: Internal affairs are my business, Bragen, don't interfere!

The Doctor seems satisfied with Hensell's uniform and moves back to study Bragen again . . .

DOCTOR: You were saying?

Hensell continues but the Doctor looks to Bragen as if seeking an explanation from him.

HENSELL: The capsule — it was found in a mercury swamp — must have been there for centuries . . .

Hensell moves in front of the Doctor who is still staring at the somewhat embarrassed Bragen:

Before the Earth colony arrived. I felt it might be dangerous, contain bacteria . . .

DOCTOR: I shall examine the capsule later, you may leave us now.

HENSELL: I shall look forward to your report. Bragen, see that the Examiner and his party get some proper clothes, will you.

Hensell and his entourage leave and the Doctor, hurt, lies on a bed:

I *am* wearing *proper clothes*!

As the door closes the sound of the recorder again fills the air.

BEN: How did he get that back? Here that was a bit of a cheek wasn't it? Seeing if the Governor was the one you got the button off?

POLLY: Doctor? When he was talking to you you were staring at the *other* man . . .

DOCTOR: Yes, *very* rude wasn't I? Terrible manners. To tell you the truth I was studying his reaction, seeing if he agreed the story.

BEN: Did he?

DOCTOR: Must have a look at that capsule . . .

BEN: You want to watch out you don't take this Examiner-bit too far . . .

DOCTOR: Our answers *must* come from that mercury swamp.

BEN: At least one person ain't going to be fooled.

DOCTOR: And when Bragen found us he definitely said *Space* capsule . . .

BEN: You *ain't* going to fool the bloke who did the *real* Examiner in!

Deep in thought the Doctor blows a slow mournful tune as he tries to solve his puzzle . . .

In a corridor nearby Bragen is pinning up a notice on a board when Quinn arrives.

QUINN: What's this nonsense about having to have a pass to see the Examiner?

BRAGEN: It's the Governor's idea.

QUINN: Surely it doesn't apply to me.

BRAGEN: It isn't my order, Quinn. I suppose the Governor wants to keep people away from him.

QUINN: Mmm . . . It sounded like one of your red-tape ideas.

BRAGEN: It's nothing to do with me.

Quinn strides away and almost collides with Janley as she hurries around a corner:

Sorry, Janley.

JANLEY: My fault, Lesterson's just cleared me out of his lab. Is the Examiner going to let him open the capsule?

QUINN: I don't know. I'm on my way there now, if I can push past Bragen's army of layabouts.

Janley touches Quinn's left sleeve:

JANLEY: You've lost a button . . . Want me to fix it?

QUINN: Mmm? Curse. No thank you. I'm late as it is . . .

Quinn continues down the corridor.

In Lesterson's laboratory the Doctor is examining the entrance to the capsule, muttering to himself. He notices the piece of metal on the workbench and picks it up worriedly:

Where Did you get this?

LESTERSON: That dropped from the capsule.

DOCTOR: Dropped?

LESTERSON: Yes, when it was being hauled into the laboratory. Don't you see this could revolutionise space travel. That's why I'm insisting it should be opened. Who knows what other marvels there may be inside?

HENSELL: I didn't think you *could* open it, Lesterson.

LESTERSON: I have a theory . . .

Quinn enters the room as Lesterson crosses to the capsule and taps the entrance area.

LESTERSON: I'm certain that the opening mechanism on the other side is either here . . . or here.

While Lesterson is occupied the Doctor pulls out the piece of metal he was studying in the TARDIS and looks very worried as he compares it with the piece on the workbench. Polly and Ben exchange puzzled looks.

LESTERSON: My theory is that I can insert the laser ray through the ridge here. The ray spreads, fuses the opening device and gets us inside.

HENSELL: I shall have to make it your responsibility.

DOCTOR: Laser ray?

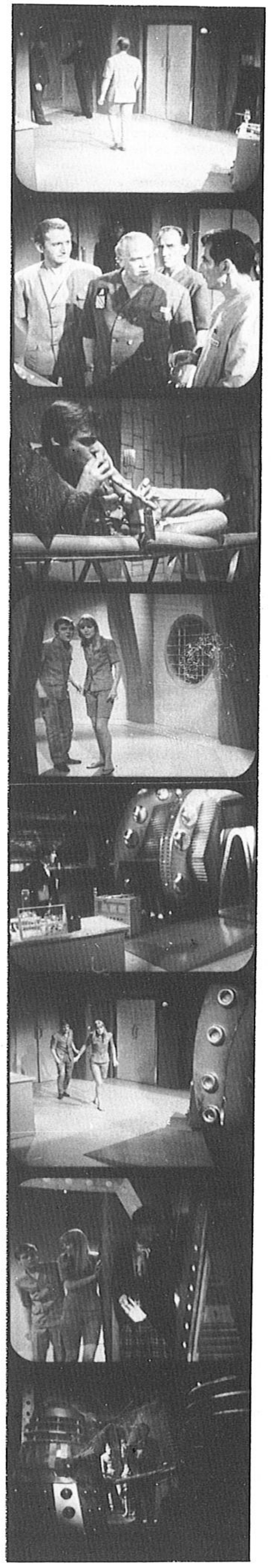
The Doctor inspects the ridge through his magnifying glass:

Shouldn't be too difficult

Uncomfortably, Lesterson aims a blow torch to the left of the door. Nothing happens.

LESTERSON: We'll try the other side.

The flame hits the right side of the door and there is a crackle from within. They all step back as the hatchway door of the capsule opens.



Everyone crowds around the illuminated entrance as Lesterson and the Doctor enter the capsule to discover an empty metal-walled compartment.

LESTERSON: Bit disappointing.

DOCTOR: Not really! It's only the entrance bay isn't it?

LESTERSON: I suppose so, yes.

The Doctor moves to one of the metal walls and discovers a thin opening in it. He keeps his exciting find to himself.

HENSELL: This doesn't get us very far does it?

LESTERSON: Getting into the rest of the capsule is going to take time Governor.

BEN: Can't you use that torch thing again. There must be an inner door as well.

LESTERSON: I'd have to measure it up. Find the lock mechanism . . .

DOCTOR: I think we'll leave it for tonight.

HENSELL: What do you mean 'for tonight'? What have we come here for?

DOCTOR: That is my decision.

HENSELL: Good heavens, man.

DOCTOR: Two hundred years you say this has been buried?

LESTERSON: At least

Lesterson follows the Doctor back into the laboratory:

There must be something in the inner compartments. We'll be able to find out where it came from originally.

DOCTOR: It's nothing to do with this planet, Vulcan?

LESTERSON; Oh, nothing. The metal is quite alien.

DOCTOR: Alien, yes. Very alien. Goodnight.

The Doctor abruptly leaves the room.

BEN: What's he up to now?

POLLY: Ben, we're not going to let him out of our sight.

Ben and Polly follow the Doctor, leaving the colonists to contemplate the situation.

HENSELL: Well, you got your way, Lesterson. Was it really worth sending for the Examiner? This *idiotic* Examiner!

LESTERSON: I didn't send for him. I thought you did.

QUINN: Why don't you let me talk to the Examiner, Hensell. I can find out what he's here for.

HENSELL: No, you keep away from him. Let him concentrate on working with Lesterson here. We've all got enough to do without having some amateur critic from Earth interfering.

QUINN: But I can . . .

HENSELL: You heard me, Quinn. I'm sure you don't mind keeping the Examiner busy, Lesterson. I don't mind what you do with him so long as you keep his nose out of our business.

LESTERSON: All right.

HENSELL: We'll talk about it tomorrow.

Lesterson watches Hensell, Quinn and Bragen leave and moves back to his workbench. Suddenly he realises the piece of metal the Doctor was examining is missing and a look of concern replaces his satisfied smile.

Later that night in the travellers' sleeping quarters:

POLLY: Ben!

BEN (waking): Eh? What?

POLLY: Sssh! He's in the corridor.

BEN: Who?

POLLY: The Doctor you clod! Come on. Quick!

Ben rubs his eyes and follows her out. They are in time to see the Doctor disappear around the end of the corridor.

POLLY: He's going towards Lesterson's lab.

BEN: Of course he is — to the capsule.

The Doctor steps into the deserted laboratory, eerily illuminated only from the light within the capsule. As the Doctor reaches its entrance he dips into his pockets and withdraws the two pieces of metal; the one shined by

Lesterson, the other from the TARDIS. He disappears inside the capsule.

The Doctor creeps up to his discovery in the wall, unaware that Ben and Polly are close behind him. He inserts the shiny piece of metal into the thin opening and pushes the 'key' home. There is a hum as the inner door of the capsule slides open . . .

Framed in the doorway, as the Doctor expected, are two 'dead' Daleks. He spins around as he hears Ben and Polly's startled gasps:

Ben, Polly, come and meet the Daleks.

BEN: The what?

DOCTOR: The Daleks

POLLY: You could have opened this before!

DOCTOR: These pieces of metal are the same. The Doctor took one of them from the Daleks himself . . .

BEN: Why do you keep saying the Doctor if you mean you?

DOCTOR: I knew I'd find them here, I knew it . . .

BEN: They look harmless, not very lively.

POLLY: What do you think? Two hundred years in a swamp and you wouldn't look very lively either. Nothing could live through that could it?

BEN: Live?

DOCTOR: Nothing human. No. Aha!

BEN: What's the matter?

The Doctor has noticed something strange about the floor and bends down to touch it.

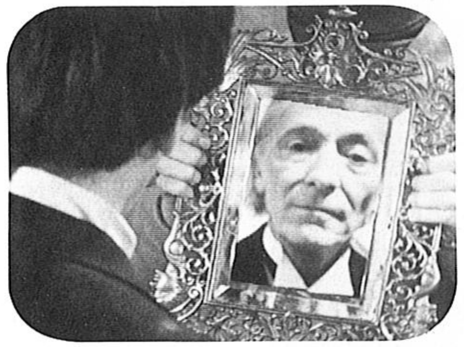
DOCTOR: Then there were *three* Daleks in here! So where's the other one?

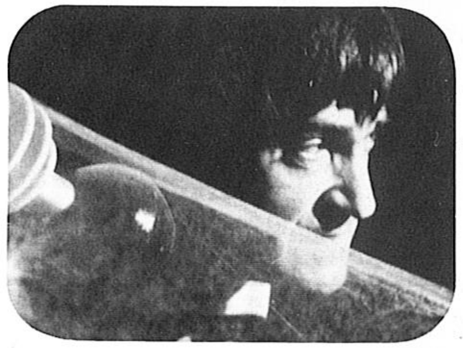
Behind the Doctor a gruesome claw-like appendage crawls from out of the shadows. Paralysed with fear, Ben chokes:

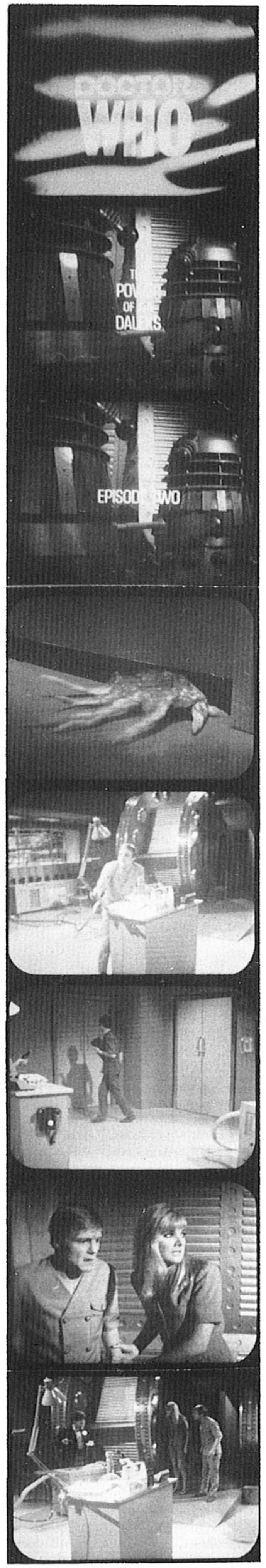
Doctor!

The Doctor slowly turns to confront the horror . . .

EPISODE ONE
HIGHLIGHTS







The Doctor and Ben stare transfixed at the pulsating claw. Unaware of the inherent danger, Ben moves towards it but the Doctor shoots out a restraining arm. Sensing movement the claw vanishes back into the shadows as quickly as it appeared.

DOCTOR: Get me a light – there's a torch outside!

Ben hurries out into the laboratory. Sighting the object the Doctor presumably meant, he walks over to the laboratory bench and picks up a bulb attached to a long electric lead, snapping it on and off to test it. It works and he returns with it to the capsule. Unbeknown to him his actions have been monitored by Resno, one of the Vulcan colonists . . .

The Doctor impatiently snatches the lighting device as Ben steps back into the chamber and moves cautiously towards the shadows. Ben edges after him indicating to Polly to stay back. The Doctor shines the light onto the area.

DOCTOR: Nothing!

Moving back, Ben notices a perfect circle on the floor by the two dormant Daleks – the rim of another Dalek.

BEN: You're right, there were three . . .

The Doctor, deep in thought, shines the light down onto the circular patch. He reaches his conclusion:

Aha! If there were three *who* moved it?

BEN: Don't ask me . . . Lesterson?

POLLY: But he hadn't *opened* the capsule.

With that the Doctor rushes enthusiastically towards Lesterson's laboratory. Ben and Polly reach the doorway of the capsule to find the Doctor examining all the scientific apparatus in sight.

BEN: Does that mean *you* think he's been inside?

DOCTOR: I must find out if he's been experimenting on the Dalek.

POLLY: But they're dead . . . they must be!

The Doctor replaces a test tube and picks up the lighting device which he holds in front of her.

DOCTOR: This light is dead now, but watch!

He switches the light on with a smug grin.

BEN: You mean those things just need power?

DOCTOR: Lesterson's a fanatic, the Governor's jealous of his position. What does that suggest to you?

BEN: I don't know.

DOCTOR: That all is not well in the colony! Add to that . . . a Dalek!

BEN: Blimey, you don't half make mountains don't you? One Dalek?

DOCTOR: Yes! *One!* All that would be needed to wipe out this enire colony!

While the Doctor is away investigating, Quinn has decided to pay him a visit. He switches on the rest room light and sees the room is empty. Suddenly the door opens and Bragen enters:

I was expecting to find the Examiner here – not you Quinn. The Governor gave express instructions that you were not to contact the Examiner yet I find you here in his room.

QUINN: Don't try your luck with me Bragen.

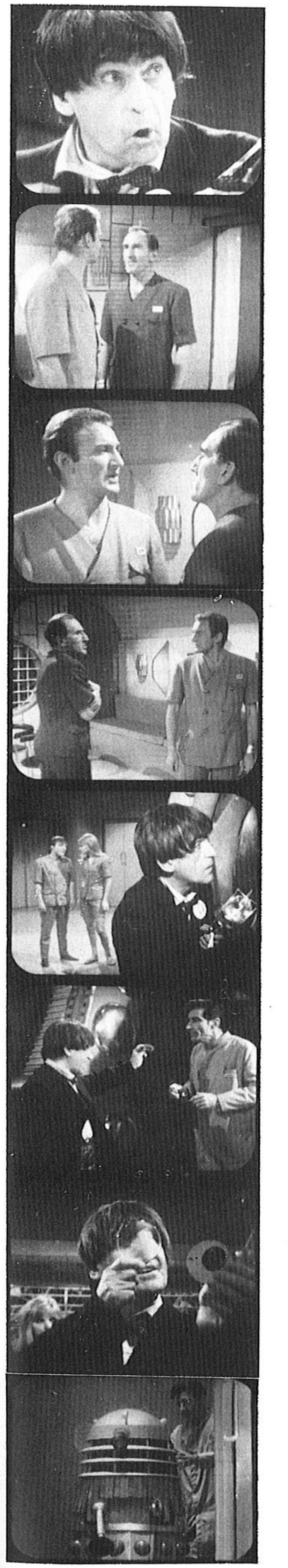
BRAGEN: The Examiner's missing. He must be found immediately.

Still in Lesterson's laboratory the Doctor is continuing his investigation.

BEN: Of course the *real* Doctor was always going on about the Daleks . . .

Ben and Polly jump as an angry loud voice breaks the air. Informed of the trespassers in his lab, a furious Lesterson has arrived with his aide Resno to investigate:

What do you think you're doing in here!



Who gave you permission . . . ?

The Doctor rushes over to the glaring scientist and pushes his Examiner's badge into Lesterson's hand:

Read this!

Lesterson glances at it.

DOCTOR: Aloud!

LESTERSON: Accord every access.

DOCTOR: Exactly! It doesn't say *except your laboratory*.

Innocently the Doctor pulls out his magnifying glass and examines the badge thoroughly:

. . . Unless it's in micro-print.

LESTERSON: I should have been asked first!

The Doctor points an accusing finger at Ben and shouts:

What did you notice first when you looked in that capsule?

BEN: Eh? What? Oh, the Daleks.

DOCTOR: You were astounded?

BEN: Yes.

DOCTOR: Intrigued?

BEN: Yes . . .

The Doctor spins round to face Lesterson, still shouting:

You didn't even give them a glance! Why? Because you've been in there and seen them! *Where* is the third Dalek?

LESTERSON: I don't know what you're talking about!

DOCTOR: You opened up the capsule without permission. You found the secret compartment containing three Daleks, you took one of them away and hid it!

LESTERSON: Hid it? What nonsense!

Bragen enters and the Doctor returns to his search.

BRAGEN: May I ask what all this is about?

POLLY: We opened the inner compartment in the capsule and Lesterson had already been in there.

LESTERSON: I don't deny that.

BEN: And he's nicked a Dalek!

BRAGEN: Dalek?

LESTERSON: It's the name the Examiner has given to two metal creations that I discovered inside the capsule.

BEN: They're dangerous, evil . . .

LESTERSON: Lumps of metal! They're quite inactive.

BEN: That's what you think, mate.

The Doctor catches Ben's eye with a whistle on his recorder and gives the young sailor a disapproving shake of his head.

LESTERSON: I consider it's my duty as a scientist to warn you, all of you. Now please keep out of my laboratory, keep your hands off my experiments . . .

He turns on the Doctor, glaring, but unperturbed the Doctor retorts:

Those 'lumps of metal' – Daleks – I want them broken up, or melted down. Up, or down, I don't care which, but *destroyed*!

LESTERSON: I refuse to allow it.

The Doctor brandishes his badge in front of Bragen:

I'm an Earth Examiner – I *demand* it.

LESTERSON: You're exceeding your authority . . .

DOCTOR: Perhaps we should let the Governor decide that? I wish to see him immediately!

LESTERSON: That won't do any good.

BRAGEN: That might be difficult . . .

DOCTOR: But *not* impossible.

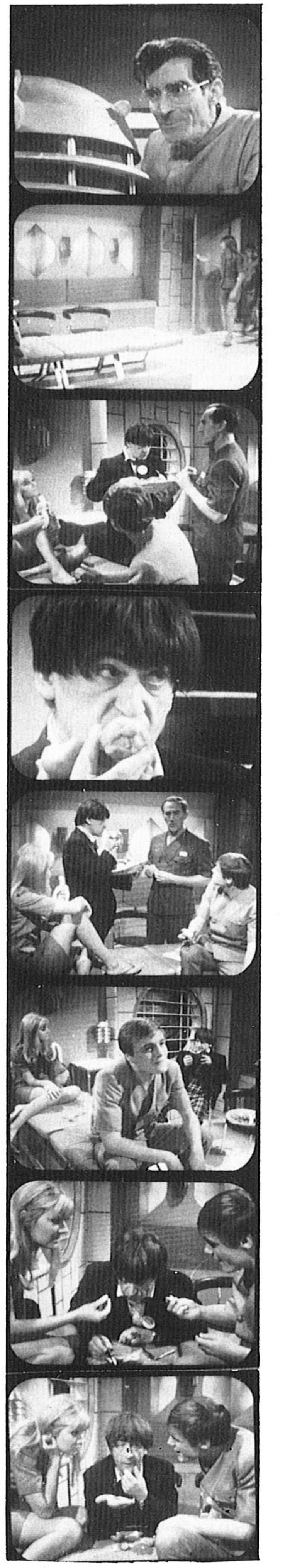
The Doctor marches from the room, closely followed by Ben, Polly and Bragen. Resno sides up to the outraged scientist:

Could he stop the experiments?

LESTERSON: I don't know. It's none of your business. Go and get Janley and come back. We haven't got much time left.

Hurry up, Resno. Quick man! Quickly.

Resno leaves, Lesterson locks the door after him and walks over to the capsule. Feeling inside the open doorway there is a click as another compartment opens revealing the third Dalek with wire attachments strewn over it. Like the other two it is dormant, its gun, eye and sucker sticks pointing listlessly to the ground, but Lesterson gives it a knowing stare:



He won't stop me experimenting. There *must* be some way to bring you back to life – and I'm going to find it.

Back in the rest room . . .

BRAGEN: . . . And of course you do have the right of any access.

DOCTOR: Which is why I have a badge which says so.

BRAGEN: Lesterson watches over his ideas like a mother hen.

DOCTOR: If there was a bomb under this floor timed to go off in five minutes, would you ask my permission to rip up the floorboards . . . Aha fruit!

Before completing the analogy, the Doctor leaps over to a basket of fruit placed on the bedside table and begins to examine each piece carefully before his bemused onlookers.

BRAGEN: It's up to you of course, but I would suggest a little discretion in your investigations. It's not a very good time at the moment, what with all these disturbances.

POLLY: Disturbances?

BRAGEN: Yes, minor acts of sabotage, secret newspapers, rebel cliques . . . nothing important you understand, but it keeps the Governor busy. I expect he'll tell you about it himself when I arrange your meeting.

BEN: When'll that be?

BRAGEN: He's going on a tour of the perimeter of the colony. I'll see if he can see you before he goes.

POLLY: Thank you.

Bragen gives a puzzled look at the Doctor who is gleefully shaking an apple and leaves the room.

BEN: You know, it's little things like this that make it hard to believe you're the Doctor, the other one, I mean the proper one, oh nuts you know what I mean . . .

DOCTOR: Plenty of nuts – want one?

BEN: You, my old china, are an out and out phoney!

DOCTOR: China, yes, went there once I believe.

He delves into a pocket and produces his diary and starts flicking through the pages until:

Met Marco Polo!

BEN: *China!* Not China. China and plate, mate, friend.

DOCTOR: Marco Polo a friend? Yes, I believe he was!

The Doctor returns to the fruit.

POLLY: Don't listen to him Doctor, I know who you are.

The Doctor quickly puts a finger to his lips and shakes his head. Silently Polly watches intrigued as the Doctor produces a small knife, carefully slices into one of the fruit and gently pulls out a minute listening device. He promptly drops it on the floor and stamps on it

DOCTOR: Someone was listening to what we were saying!

BEN: You guessed it was there – that was why you were talking nonsense!

DOCTOR: I *never* talk *nonsense*. Well . . . hardly never . . .

BEN: Blimey, they believe in making us at home don't they? Bet you old Charlie Bragen did it!

POLLY: Charlie?

BEN: Well Fred wouldn't suit him would it?

POLLY: If he did put it here, do you think it was his own idea? He could have been under orders.

BEN: From the Guv? I don't know. What do you think, Doctor?

The Doctor, in deep thought, looks up:

Mmmm? Oh, yes of course . . . But let's examine the button for a moment. It's the only clue we've got to the murderer of the Examiner. The *real* Examiner.

POLLY: And who asked for him to come?

BEN: Lesterson's crackers about the capsule. He wouldn't want anybody nosing about.

POLLY: Bragen said the Governor's been having trouble . . .

BEN: No, rule him out. Governors are all the same, they never ask for help. If he sent to Earth it'd look as though he couldn't do his job properly. I vote we go back to the TARDIS, I've had enough of this dump.

DOCTOR: Have you? And what about the Daleks.

BEN: Well they're dead.

POLLY: What about the thing we saw in the capsule — that was alive all right.

BEN: Yes, well, I can't explain that . . .

DOCTOR: I can! That's why we must *stay!*

Later that night, Lesterson, Resno and Janley are assembled in the laboratory examining the third Dalek. Resno sides up to Janley, grumbling:

Ugly-looking brutes, aren't they? What's he want to muck about with them for? Leave well alone, that's what I say.

JANLEY: You're a fine one to be a research assistant. Leave well alone? There'll be no progress on this planet with people like you around.

RESNO: We're doing very well as we are. Or we were till you lot came along stirring things up. You won't get anywhere you know. The Governor knows all about you rebels. He'll smash the lot of you when he's ready.

JANLEY: The Governor? He couldn't smash . . .

LESTERSON: Be quiet! Where do you both think you are? This is a scientific laboratory. Kindly keep your politics out of it. Resno, for heaven's sake man get on with it. We haven't got all day. We've got to get this working before the Examiner stops us. He's got some phobia about these . . . these Daleks?

The Doctor is sitting on his bed, reminiscing:

Daleks . . . I know the destruction they cause . . . the misery . . . But there's something else more terrible — something I can only half remember . . .

The Doctor's thoughts are interrupted by a knock at the door and Bragen enters.

DOCTOR: Well? Where is the Governor? What did he say?

BRAGEN: He sends his apologies Examiner. He can't see you tonight, but he hopes to see you first thing in the morning.

BEN: It might not wait that long Ch . . .

Ben corrects himself in time:

Bragen . . .

BRAGEN: It will have to!

DOCTOR: Excuse me . . .

The Doctor rises and walks to the door.

BEN: Where are you going?

DOCTOR: To see Governor Hensell of course — what else?

BRAGEN: I'm afraid that isn't possible. Once his door is closed no-one, not even you Examiner, is allowed into his room!

The Doctor is momentarily taken aback by the authority in Bragen's voice:

Very well.

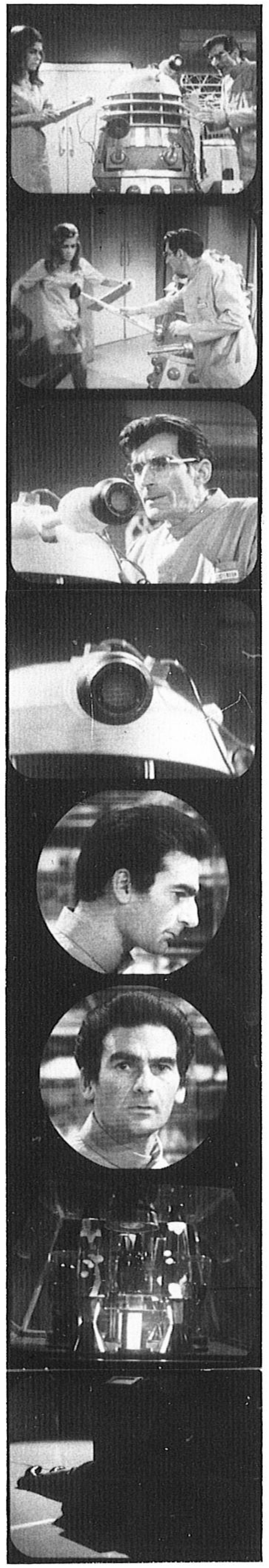
BRAGEN: Thank you. Tomorrow morning then . . .

He nods curtly and exits.

BEN: What happens now?

DOCTOR: I shall radio Earth. Now. Governor or not, Hensell will have to listen to them — I'll get Earth to back me.

Suddenly alerted by something, the Doctor dives for the door and yanks it open pulling the door knob off in his gusto. He looks puzzled, almost embarrassed:



I could have sworn . . . Wait here, I won't be long.

In the laboratory, Lesterson is standing at a panel of dials and switches to which the electric leads from the Dalek run. Janley is nearby, notebook in hand, and Resno sits observantly beside a bank of electric meters.

LESTERSON: Ready to introduce power. Time, Janley.

Janley consults her watch:

Noted.

LESTERSON: Connecting.

He flicks several switches and a low hum penetrates the room. Various lights start illuminating the panel of dials and switches and needles begin twitching to life on the bank of meters. They all stare excitedly at the lifeless Dalek.

RESNO: All connections responding.

LESTERSON: Nothing at all?

RESNO: No.

LESTERSON: Are you sure?

RESNO: There's nothing wrong here.

LESTERSON: Let's see.

RESNO: Really. If you don't trust me to read a dial.

LESTERSON: Be quiet. We'll try again. This time we'll increase power by one fifth. Got that Janley?

JANLEY: Yes. One fifth.

The hum from the electric power begins to rise slightly and slowly the Dalek's sucker arm begins to move upwards.

RESNO: It's moving!

The eye-stick, very slowly, also starts to move upwards.

LESTERSON: Note this, Janley. Number one attachment with sucker responding. Number two attachment not moving. Number three attachment with lens responding.

JANLEY: Noted.

She writes the results in her notebook.

LESTERSON: Watch the meters, Resno.

Resno scans the various meters:

All connections still responding.

Lesterson marches up to the Dalek and walks around it thoughtfully:

Of course, we can't be sure — but its reasonable to assume the sucker stick operates like some kind of hand.

Almost in response, the sucker stick extends towards Janley who nervously steps back.

LESTERSON: Don't be alarmed. We've merely introduced temporary power into it. We'll have to open it up before we'll know how to work it permanently.

He bends to examine the gun-stick:

Can't imagine what this short stubby arm is for?

JANLEY: Could the lens attachment be an eye?

LESTERSON: Oh, yes, probably. Of course, it's very possible this Dalek will have some kind of directing influence. Maybe even a simplified brain. Positronic I shouldn't wonder. Can't wait to open it up.

Suddenly the eye and sucker sticks droop listlessly to the floor.

LESTERSON: Now what?

RESNO: Everything functioning here.

LESTERSON: Maybe the power's leaking away somewhere. We'll try again.

The power is resumed immediately and the eye-stick moves upwards, turns and discontracts towards Resno. He spins round sensing something watching him:

The eye-stick!

The eye-stick returns to its dormant state.

RESNO: It was watching us!

LESTERSON: Don't be absurd, man.

RESNO: It was, I tell you! I saw it.

LESTERSON: You can't use the phrase "watching us" — good heavens! You'll want us to believe the thing has intelligence next. Let's get on, please!

They return to their work.

The Doctor has reached the Communications Room and enters cautiously. Immediately he sees the unconscious body of the radio mechanic slumped under his desk with, as he suspected, the frayed ends of dismembered communication cables lying nearby. He starts to examine the man but pauses as he hears faint noises nearby:

I know you're there.

Quinn steps from the shadows, holding a large pair of pliers:

Examiner, thank goodness it's you. I have been trying to talk to you ever since you got here.

Immediately Bragen and one of his guards enters. He approaches Quinn.

What's happening here?

QUINN: What do you want.

DOCTOR: I found this man unconscious.

The Doctor and Bragen look suspiciously at the pliers in Quinn's hand.

QUINN: So did I! I was just looking at him when I heard someone moving. It must have been you Examiner.

Bragen snatches the pliers:

And these?

QUINN: I picked them up. What is all this?

DOCTOR: The cables have been cut.

QUINN: Where?

As Quinn reaches out a hand to examine the cables the Doctor notices a button missing from his jacket.

QUINN: This is serious. It's not just our own communication system. We're cut off from Earth too.

BRAGEN: The only people who'd want to do that are the rebels.

QUINN: If these muscle boys of yours had any brains, they'd stop things like this.

The Doctor produces the button from his pocket and hands it to Bragen:

Bragen, I was attacked just after I landed. This was a souvenir I collected.

The Doctor pulls Quinns sleeve forward and Bragen matches the button against the tear in Quinn's sleeve.

BRAGEN: This button belongs to you, doesn't it?

QUINN: Well, yes.

BRAGEN: And you say you picked these pliers up? I suggest you were sabotaging the communications.

QUINN: That's a lie!

BRAGEN: . . . Having attacked one of the engineers first. I'd detain the Governor on evidence like that.

QUINN: I hope you're not thinking of detaining me, Bragen.

BRAGEN: I have no option. I could hardly let you run around loose after this. Right guard, take him away.

QUINN: I'm warning you, Bragen.

Quinn seems about to attack the guard, then considers his position and relaxes:

You win this time, Bragen. We'll see how you look in front of the Governor.

The guard escorts Quinn from the room.

BRAGEN: The Governor will want an enquiry. May I ask what you were doing in here Doctor?

In Lesterson's laboratory a film camera on a tripod has been erected by Resno and is trained on the Dalek.

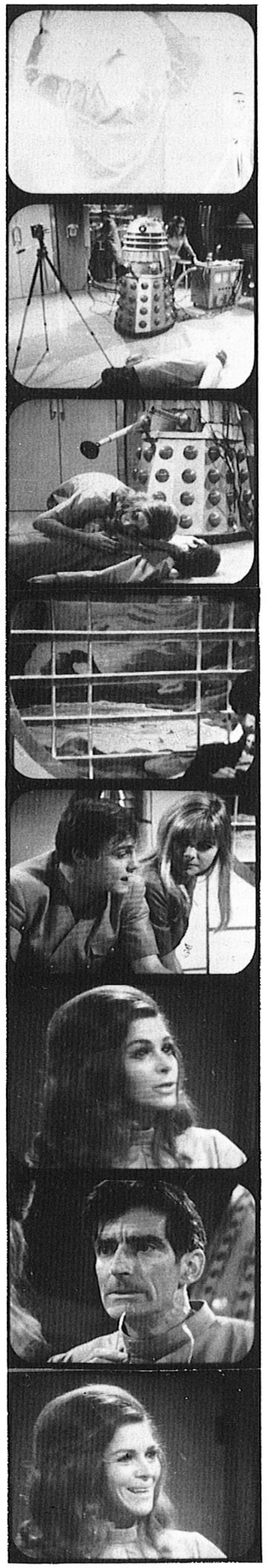
LESTERSON: Right. I've redirected power. We can go up to another fifth. You'll have to dodge between your meters and the camera, Resno.

RESNO: Ready.

LESTERSON: Connecting *now*.

The familiar humming sound fills the room. The Dalek twitches and its sucker arm and eye-stick rise up once again.

JANLEY: It's working!



LESTERSON: Excellent. Film it now, Resno. Make a note of the readings, Janley.

Resno moves to the camera and adjusts it to focus on the Dalek. The Dalek's eye-stick spins around and trains on him then the main part of its body slowly moves around until its gun-stick is aimed at the unsuspecting colonist.

LESTERSON: Seems interested in you, Resno.

Resno freezes, staring at the Dalek.

LESTERSON: What's the matter with you man?

RESNO: I tell you its intelligent. It's watching me, Lesterson. Weighing me up! I can sense it!

LESTERSON: Don't be a fool.

Resno starts backing away:

I don't like it I tell you. We don't know what these things can do.

Lesterson leads Resno gently but firmly back to the camera.

LESTERSON: We'll never find out what they can do will we, unless you take a film of every reaction. Now get on with your work man!

Resno begins to resume his work reluctantly but gives a short cry and falls back with his camera as the Dalek gun delivers its deadly ray.

Lesterson immediately pounces on the cable leads and disconnects them. The humming noise abruptly whirrs into silence and the Dalek jerks as its various sticks sag into lifelessness. Janley rushes over to the inert figure and looks up matter-of-factly:

It's all right. He isn't dead.

LESTERSON: What happened?

JANLEY: Knocked out by the shock waves.

LESTERSON: We must get him to the hospital. I'll get help.

The Doctor is looking out over Vulcan from the window of the rest room.

POLLY: But we've *got* to defend Quinn . . .

BEN: I know he's innocent until he's proved guilty . . . but he's guilty!

POLLY: He's the Deputy Governor!

BEN: So what? I had an 'eadmaster once who got pinched for riding on a bus and not paying his fare! Then there's the motive, don't *forget* the *motive!*

POLLY: Like what for instance?

BEN: He's the *Deputy* Governor, right? Perhaps he wants to be the *Governor* . . .

POLLY: But that's ridiculous.

BEN: The jacket button wasn't! And he was caught red-handed in the Communications Room with a pair of pliers, and don't try and tell me he was plucking his eye-brows either.

POLLY: Look, there are some people you know are all right. Know just by looking at them . . .

Polly is cut short as Bragen enters the room:

Good Morning. The enquiry is ready to begin. I've come to escort you.

As they leave the room the Doctor puts an affectionate arm around his companions and chuckles:

Now we shall see who's right shan't we!

In Lesterson's laboratory the Dalek now has a dark coloured sheet covering it. Lesterson is looking at his watch.

JANLEY: Is it time?

LESTERSON: I think so. I feel quite excited.

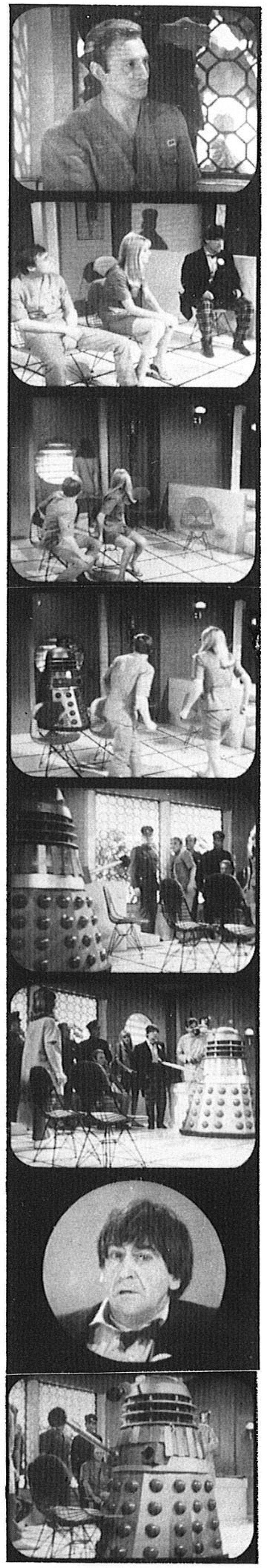
JANLEY: So you should. It's a wonderful achievement.

LESTERSON: The wonderful thing is, we have no idea of the scope of the experiment, Janley. Who knows where we may go from here.

He pulls the cover off the Dalek which is now minus its gun-stick:

Who knows what this Dalek, as the Examiner calls it, can do?

JANLEY: And it's harmless now?



LESTERSON: Completely. Look, I've removed it. Resno — have you been to see him today?

JANLEY: Yes, he's having medical attention. He's going to be all right. No-one must find out about this accident. It might give the Examiner just the excuse he wants to stop the whole project. And the Examiner could stop the *whole* project.

LESTERSON: Yes of course, You're right.

JANLEY: Are you ready?

LESTERSON: Come on. Let's go and surprise them all . . .

Everyone is assembled in Hensell's impressive terraced room for Quinn's enquiry.

HENSELL: I apologise for not seeing you earlier Examiner . . .

He turns to face Quinn:

Well, Quinn, I don't like this anymore than you do. What have you been up to?

QUINN: Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

HENSELL: What about Bragen's report then? These are *facts*, Quinn. What have you got to say about it?

QUINN: Does the engineer say I hit him?

BRAGEN: How could he when he was hit from behind.

QUINN: Then it's only circumstantial evidence.

BRAGEN: The Examiner was also attacked in the mercury swamp. We have a button from your jacket, found in the Examiner's hand.

QUINN: I can't explain that.

BRAGEN: I'm sure you can't!

HENSELL: Examiner . . .

The Doctor, engrossed as he intently weighs up each answer, shoots to his feet.

. . . You seem to be in two minds . . .

BEN (quietly): Yeah, and two bodies . . .

HENSELL: You mentioned to Bragen that Lesterson's machines . . . what do you call them?

DOCTOR: I call them what they are — Daleks.

HENSELL: Yes, you say they could be a motive for destroying our communications.

DOCTOR: I do.

Suddenly Lesterson marches into the room flushed with the smugness of supreme self satisfaction.

HENSELL: This is a special enquiry Lesterson. I must ask you . . .

LESTERSON: This won't wait. You won't be disappointed!

HENSELL: Didn't you hear what I said?

LESTERSON: Governor, I've completed an experiment that's going to revolutionise this colony. Bear with me.

DOCTOR: What have you done, Lesterson? Just what have you done?

Instinctively the Doctor turns to face the door.

LESTERSON: I'll show you. All right, Janley . . . *Now* . . .

Everybody sits rivetted as the Dalek glides into the room. Only the Doctor moves back slightly and shakes his head in disbelieving despair. The Dalek swivels its eye-stick around its captive audience and suddenly focuses directly on the Doctor. Both the Doctor and the Dalek edge away from each other, the former collapsing into a chair behind him, stiff with fright. Ben whispers:

It recognised the Doctor, it *recognised* him.

POLLY: What's the matter, Doctor? Are you all right?

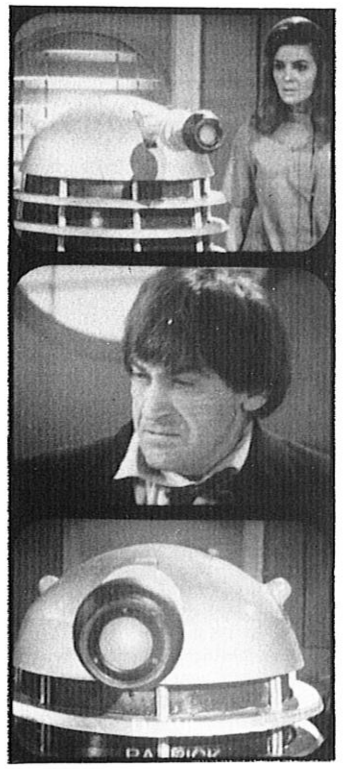
DOCTOR: The fools . . . The silly stupid fools . . .

BEN: You're scared! What can it do?

DOCTOR: Nothing — yet.

BEN: It knew who you were, it sounds crazy, but it *did*. Well if a Dalek takes you for the proper Doctor I suppose I can . . .

Lesterson meanwhile has been delivering his speech:



This creation is called, I understand, a Dalek. Look at it. I have simply given it electric power. And do you know what? It's capable of storing it. Furthermore, it responds to orders: Turn around. Move that chair.

The Dalek obeys in turn.

LESTERSON: Stop. You see, imagine what this is going to do to our mining programme, our processing, packaging. Dozens of labour jobs Governor. Maybe even the answers to this colony's problems . . .

The Doctor moves forward to address the crowd:

Yes, it will end the colony's problems, because it will *end the colony!*

As though to nullify what the Doctor has said, the Dalek grates:

I am your servant.

The effect in the room is one of thunderstruck amazement.

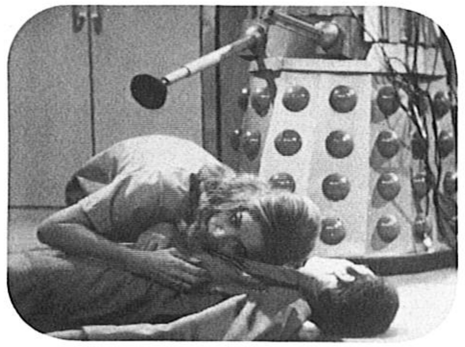
LESTERSON: It spoke! Janley, did you hear that! It can actually *talk!*

DOCTOR: It can do many things, Lesterson. But the thing it does most efficiently is exterminate human beings. Destroys them without mercy, without conscience. *Destroys them.* Do you hear me? *Destroys them.*

The Doctor shouts to try to drown the chanting Dalek but the Dalek raises its voice to a crescendo as it continually repeats:

I AM YOUR SERVANT, I AM YOUR SERVANT, I AM YOUR SERVANT . . .

EPISODE TWO *HIGHLIGHTS*



DOCTOR WHO
THE POWER OF THE DALEKS
EPISODE THREE

HENSELL: So, they're capable of speech, Lesterson!

LESTERSON: Yes, but then why not? After all they obviously have a certain intelligence — but it is an intelligence that we can *control*.

HENSELL: So what you want is permission to continue your experiments . . . ?

LESTERSON: Governor, think what it would mean if we set it to work in the mines. It would *double* our production overnight!

BRAGEN: And consider the effect it would have on our whole economy . . .

Hensell smiles enthusiastically:

And the effect of that on Earth . . . Yes, they could be *very* grateful.

Disturbed that Lesterson is winning his fight, the Doctor directs a determined look at the Dalek and whispers:

I shall stop you. I *will!*

The Dalek moves slightly towards him when suddenly Hensell announces his verdict:

All right, Lesterson, permission granted.

DOCTOR: Permission? For what?

LESTERSON: To continue my work, Examiner!

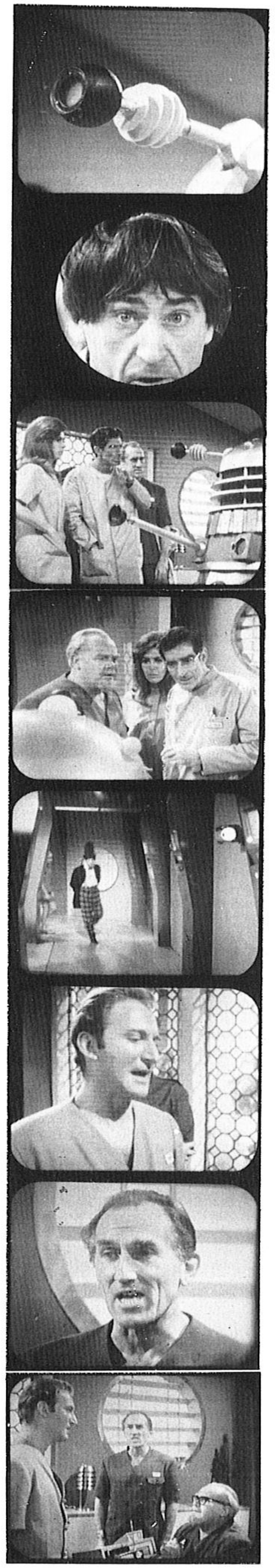
DOCTOR: Didn't you all hear what I said? The Daleks must be *destroyed!*

LESTERSON: Never!

DOCTOR: If not by *my* order — then by *Earth's!* Come along Ben, Polly.

As he shuffles to the door the Doctor is intercepted by Hensell:

Examiner, one moment, *why* are you so against this project?



DOCTOR: I told you, I realise I can't prove what I say but you have no idea of the danger . . .

Lesterson gives a derisive snort and the Doctor glares at him furiously:

Yes — *danger!* I shall be contacting Earth just as soon as the radio communications are restored!

He turns to leave and as he passes the Dalek he pauses:

You're my servant, are you?

DALEK: *I am.*

DOCTOR: Then immobilise yourself. Go on — I order it!

Immediately the Dalek drops its eye and sucker sticks as though its power has been terminated, but not fooled by this charade the Doctor marches from the room mumbling incomprehensibly to himself. As the worried Lesterson moves in to examine the Dalek, it suddenly resumes its normal posture.

LESTERSON: Why have you stopped obeying? You were given an order.

DALEK: *He has gone.*

LESTERSON: Then you obey — only —

DALEK: *His order was wrong. I cannot serve human beings if I am immobilised. You gave me power. Your orders are right. I serve YOU.*

HENSELL: It *reasons*, Lesterson. Just *how* extensive *is* its intelligence?

LESTERSON: There's no cause for concern, Governor. Just wait until you see the amount of work it does!

Now I'm really going to put you through your paces. Follow me, Dalek.

DALEK: *I obey.*

In a nearby corridor . . .

POLLY: We should have stayed with Quinn.

BEN: We couldn't have helped him, Pol, even if we'd wanted to. The Governor's already reached his verdict.

POLLY: But he didn't murder the real Examiner. I'm sure he didn't.

BEN: The way I see it this lot's too busy arguing amongst themselves to do much about anything — first things first and the *Daleks* are the *important* thing!

The Doctor gives a cry of delight and shakes Ben's hand:

My dear Ben! Congratulations.

BEN: What'd I do? What'd I do . . .?

DOCTOR: You just used your brain — that's what you did. The Daleks *are* the important thing!

As the Doctor and Ben race ahead, Polly thinks quietly to herself:

I *still* think Quinn's innocent!

Back in Hensell's office the enquiry has resumed . . .

QUINN: How *can* I be in league with the rebels?

BRAGEN: The evidence confirms it.

QUINN: It was *I* who warned of their dangers.

BRAGEN: Yes, as part of the overall plan!

QUINN: *You* wouldn't even take the matter *seriously!*

BRAGEN: If I was wrong *then*, I have a chance to rectify it *now!*

QUINN: If that's your attitude . . .

HENSELL: Quinn! I suggest we continue the enquiry in an orderly manner. The Examiner was attacked, there's no question of that.

BRAGEN: And the button grabbed by the Examiner was missing from *your* suit.

HENSELL: If you have anything to add, then I suggest you say it now.

QUINN: I didn't attack the man. I had no reason to . . . *I* was the one who sent for him!

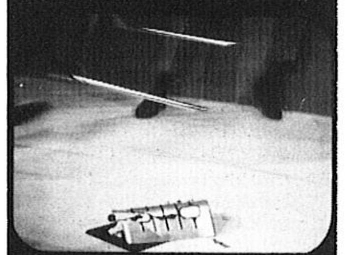
HENSELL: *You* sent for him?!

QUINN: It was necessary. In the circumstances I would hardly be likely to damage the radio communications.

HENSELL: But why? Why, Quinn?

QUINN: Because of the rebels!

BRAGEN: Rebels! They're nothing more



than one or two fanatics. Unless you're trying to prove there's trouble here . . . to undermine the Governor's position.

HENSELL: Explain that, Bragen.

BRAGEN: If you're removed, who takes your place? The Deputy Governor of course. And that's the real reason for all this trouble isn't it Quinn? You attack the Examiner in the mercury swamp and blame it on the rebels, then you sabotage the radio and blame that on the rebels too . . .

QUINN: Governor, you should have listened to me — Bragen, I'll break you for this.

HENSELL: Get him out of my sight . . .

Bragen leers triumphantly at Quinn and gestures to the guard who marches him away.

HENSELL: I chose Quinn myself . . . trained him . . . He would have had this seat in a few years.

BRAGEN: Sometimes a few years is a long time to wait . . .

To Bragen's surprise Hensell raises his hand to dismiss him when:

HENSELL: Oh, and Bragen?

BRAGEN: Governor?

HENSELL: You'll assume Quinn's duties. As of now you're Deputy Governor.

Having achieved his purpose Bragen gives a satisfied nod and walks happily from the room.

In the rest room the Doctor has just smashed a chair down onto a small control unit, shattering its outer casing.

BEN: I hope you know what you're doing!

DOCTOR: So do I!

The Doctor produces his magnifying glass and starts to probe and poke at the unit's components:

Excellent. Excellent!

BEN: I thought we were after the Daleks — not this control unit you nicked!

DOCTOR: Now if I could just find a . . . Ah, yes!

He rushes to the bed and starts pulling off the cushions and soon sees what he is after. With several jerks he yanks off a metal bracket and returns it to the control unit.

BEN: He's a right little delinquent, in'e? Look, I don't want to appear dim — *but how's this going to do the Daleks in?*

DOCTOR: They believe Lesterson's the driving force, but I don't. The Daleks are *using* him! Smash the Daleks and the people here will lock us up or *kill us*. Leave the Daleks alone and everyone will be killed.

BEN: We *could* go back to the TARDIS. At least we'd be safer to think there? . . .

POLLY: If you told us what you were up to, maybe we could help . . .

DOCTOR: Don't underestimate any of them, Lesterson's a first class scientist, first class. He opened the capsule, realised how the Daleks could be activated . . .

BEN: Yeah, that could be the answer. Let's kidnap Lesterson, hide him away for a bit . . . It'd stop him bringing the Daleks back to life wouldn't it?

Polly's expression indicates to Ben that it wouldn't be a good idea.

Meanwhile the Doctor has completed his device. He holds it up for all to see.

BEN: What is it?

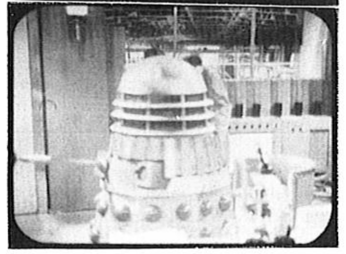
DOCTOR: What is it?! It could be the answer to all our problems . . .

On the way to Lesterson's laboratory, the Doctor, Ben and Polly pass by Quinn and his guard in the corridors. Quinn stops and calls out:

Examiner, you mustn't let them fool you about the rebels . . .

The guard attempts to force his prisoner to move on but Quinn resists:

Discover where they hold their meetings . . .



Quinn is dragged along the corridor and Polly moves to assist him but the Doctor restrains her:

We'll help him, but later. This is one occasion when a little injustice is better than wholesale slaughter. What we want now is in Lesterson's laboratory . . .

In his laboratory Lesterson is sitting in front of the Dalek brandishing a stop watch. Janley stands beside him holding a clip-board.

LESTERSON: . . . Incredible! Let's move on to test fourteen.

DALEK: *I am ready!*

LESTERSON: When sodium acts on ethyl alcohol what is the resulting derivative?

DALEK: *Sodium ethoxide . . .* C_2H_5ONA.

LESTERSON: Incredible! Five seconds, Janley! Just the time as it took to speak the answer.

Janley checks her notes:

It's right too.

LESTERSON: Of course it's right! Can you imagine what kind of positronic brain this robot has, Janley? Imagine the store of knowledge it must carry.

Lesterson turns to the Dalek:

Sulphuric acid.

DALEK: H_2SO_4.

LESTERSON: You see?

With a beaming friendly smile the Doctor pokes his head through the door way:

May I come in . . . ?

LESTERSON: What do *you* want?

DOCTOR: Just to see how you're getting on.

LESTERSON: If you think . . .

DOCTOR: Please! I'm not here to make *trouble* . . . I'm *interested*, that's all!

LESTERSON: You've done nothing but meddle and interfere since you landed on Vulcan.

DOCTOR: I *did* give you permission to open up the capsule, didn't I? Please, carry on.

LESTERSON: And you won't try and stop me?

DOCTOR: Stop you? Of course not. We got off on the wrong foot, Lesterson, but I'm a reasonable man and I've been thinking it over. Perhaps I *was* hasty . . .

LESTERSON: Well, if you really want to call a truce . . .

DOCTOR: A *truce?* My dear fellow, I hope we'll be *friends!*

LESTERSON: Yes . . . possibly . . . Very well, you may stay.

DOCTOR: Thank you. Thank you.

The Doctor turns to his companions:

Amuse yourselves for a while will you?

He indicates for Ben and Polly to leave the room quickly before Lesterson changes his mind. While Lesterson is busy explaining his notes to the Doctor, Janley lifts the bleeping receiver off the laboratory's communication:

Laboratory . . .

Janley listens closely to the voice on the other end, and glancing around she sees the two men are busy:

Yes, all right, I can come now . . .

She picks up a bundle wrapped in a cloth, obscuring it from sight as she heads for the door:

I've got to slip out for a few minutes, Lesterson.

LESTERSON: Yes, yes . . .

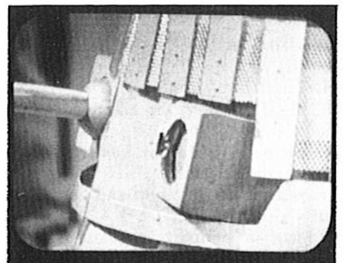
We'll test its knowledge of physics then, eh, Examiner?

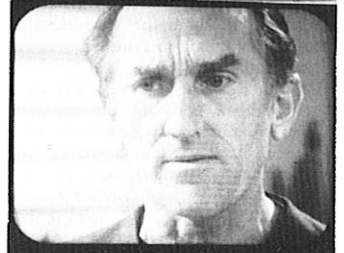
DOCTOR: A splendid idea. Please go on.

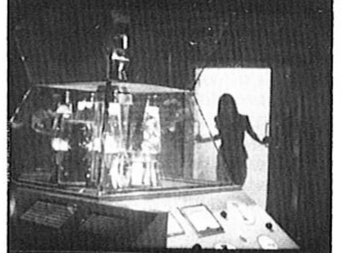
LESTERSON: Right, what is the 1st Law of Thermodynamics?

DALEK: *When heat is transformed into any other kind of energy or vice versa . . .*

Lesterson engrosses himself in his papers as the Dalek continues to recite the correct answer. Stealthily the Doctor edges over to the power unit and takes out his mechanical device, fitting it into a section of the machine. Sensing something is wrong the Dalek moves towards the Doctor and Lesterson looks up as the Doctor flicks a switch. A deafening screeching noise fills the air and the Dalek spins helplessly around the laboratory, its eye and sucker sticks swivelling uncontrollably.







LESTERSON: You fool! What do you think you're doing?

Lesterson pushes the Doctor aside and flicks off the switch, hurling the Doctor's equipment to the floor.

DOCTOR: Saving your life!

LESTERSON: *Get out! Get out!*

He examines the power unit as the Dalek recovers its composure:

I have . . . sustained . . . no damage . . .

As the Doctor walks past, he whispers to the Dalek:

Perhaps I'll have better luck next time . . .

The Dalek whirls on the departing figure, the mechanisms of its disembodied ray gun clicking furiously . . .

Janley arrives at Hensell's terrace to find Bragen waiting for her:

You were able to get away then?

JANLEY: Yes, Lesterson's with the Examiner. And Hensell?

BRAGEN: He's in a meeting with the production manager. He left me in control.

JANLEY: We *could* take over the colony now . . .

BRAGEN: No. No it has to be absolutely right. I don't want to take over a colony full of rebels do I, Janley?

JANLEY: I don't know . . . You're making me help them.

BRAGEN: Just to stir them up so they can create the right amount of trouble to get rid of Hensell, and then . . . and then we crush them. The whole colony will be grateful, and I'll be the Governor . . .

Janley unwraps the bundle to reveal a Dalek gun-stick.

BRAGEN: Is this the gun you spoke of? Can you persuade the rebels that this will help them?

JANLEY: Yes, Valmar thinks he can work in a switch that will turn the gun on and off.

BRAGEN: How powerful is it?

JANLEY: It killed Resno, Lesterson's assistant. He believes that Resno's simply shaken up and taking a few days off.

BRAGEN: And the body?

JANLEY: In one of the mercury pools. Lesterson was the indirect cause of Resno's death. It's a good hold over him if he makes trouble . . . I'll give this to Valmar then?

Bragen is struck by her callousness:

Yes.

JANLEY: When do we move?

BRAGEN: The Examiner bothers me . . .

JANLEY: I thought Quinn was the danger.

BRAGEN: Not any more. The Examiner isn't a fool. No, there has to be something else.

A smile forms on his face as he considers an idea and turns to Janley . . .

In a corridor near Lesterson's laboratory:

BEN: The Doctor isn't in the lab now, Lesterson's by himself.

POLLY: Then he must have gone another way. I'll leave it to you, I'm going back to the rest room. Well, someone's got to clear it up . . .

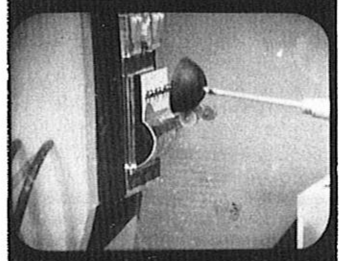
BEN: Okay.

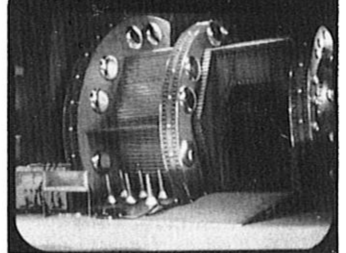
As Ben turns a corner out of sight, Janley suddenly appears and approaches Polly:

Hello there.

POLLY: Hello, You're Lesterson's assistant aren't you?

JANLEY: Yes. You're not looking for the Examiner are you?





POLLY: Do you know where he is?

JANLEY: Yes, he's waiting to get a message through to Earth. He's in the Communications Room. You'll find it easy enough, it's round to the right in the next block . . .

POLLY: Oh. Thanks.

Janley smiles as Polly walks away, waits, then follows her . . .

Opening the door of the Communications Room, Polly peers in uncertainly:

Doctor . . . ? Anyone here?

Suddenly a man steps from behind Polly and clasps a hand over her mouth. As she struggles vainly, Janley appears, breaking a small ampoule in a handkerchief which she holds to the terrified girl's face. Polly collapses to the floor.

JANLEY: Well done, Valmar. That'll keep her quiet for a while.

VALMAR: I've got no idea who she is. She was just snooping around.

JANLEY: I sent her. We want her kept out of the way. Get a couple of your men to keep her in a safe place.

She unwraps the Dalek gun and shows it to Valmar:

This is what I told you about.

VALMAR: Yes, the ray comes from here. Should have quite a good range . . .

JANLEY: Can you fit it?

VALMAR: Easy, this could win us the revolution . . .

Back in the rest room the Doctor is stretched out on a bed, thoughtfully playing a tune into his recorder while Ben paces agitatedly up and down:

She *said* she was coming back here. She knew the way, and she wouldn't have wandered off, I know she wouldn't!

DOCTOR: Ben, if you were a Dalek what would be your next move?

BEN: I'm talking about Polly.

DOCTOR: Polly? No. No, she's a bright girl but she wouldn't know the answer to this . . .

BEN: She's missing.

DOCTOR: Oh, surely not! She's looking around, there's a lot to see here in the colony, she's interested. I like that . . .

Ben grabs the Doctor's arm:

Come on . . .

DOCTOR: Where are we going?

BEN: To report it. If we make a fool of ourselves I don't care! We report it!

Ben drags the protesting Doctor from the room.

In the laboratory . . .

LESTERSON: I managed to stop that fool of an Examiner just in time. You know there are some people here who believe you're an enemy.

DALEK: *I am your servant!*

It indicates a piece of the laboratory equipment:

What does this machine do?

LESTERSON: It's amazing. You have an almost human interest and curiosity . . .

DALEK: *A Dalek is bet . . . not the same as a human. If I am to help I must know everything.*

LESTERSON: Yes, yes of course.

DALEK: *What is this machine?*

LESTERSON: It computes meteorite storms as they approach our weather satellites.

DALEK: *How accurate is it?*

LESTERSON: About seventy per cent. It helps cut down the satellite losses.

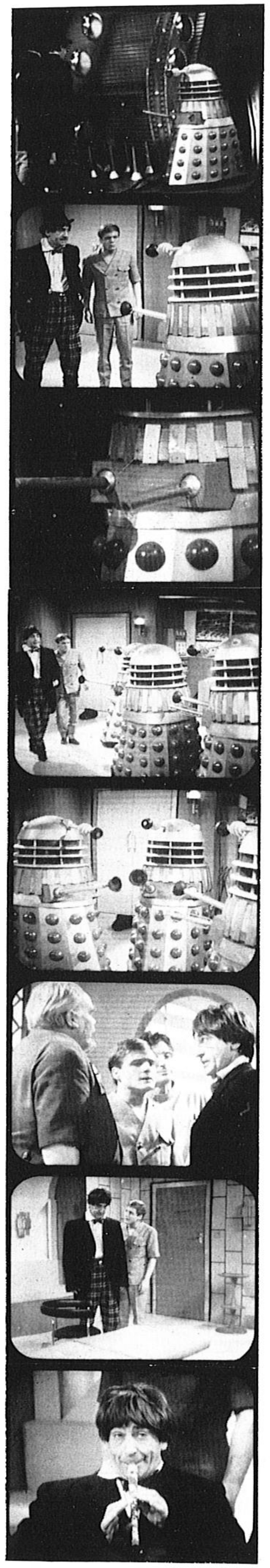
DALEK: *Daleks can build computers with one hundred per cent accuracy.*

LESTERSON: One hundred per cent?

DALEK: *If you provide materials and our own power unit, a computer will be built.*

LESTERSON: A hundred per cent . . . that would be an enormous saving to the colony. I'll go and see Hensell at once.

DALEK: *I will be ready to dictate the blue*



print when you return . . .

After Lesterson has left, the Dalek glides to the door and listens. Satisfied, it moves to the rewired power unit and operates the controls with its sucker-arm and a new vibrating noise echoes from the machine. The Dalek moves to the capsule and disappears inside.

Ben turns to see the Doctor half way down the corridor behind him, his face screwed up with mathematical calculations:

You agreed we'd go and see Bragen.

DOCTOR: Did I? They need the power, we know that. Now the Daleks' energy intake should be the squared velocity . . .

He rips a piece of paper from a notice board and begins to scribble down his calculations. Defeated he pins the paper back on the board.

Useless with incomplete data . . .

Just then a familiar figure catches his eye and he forces Ben into an alcove out of sight:

Lesterson!

BEN: Eh?

DOCTOR: He just went past. Now we can get into the laboratory again.

BEN: But Doctor . . .

DOCTOR: Come on, come on . . .

Inside the laboratory, the Doctor stares down at the cables now stretching from the power-unit to inside the space capsule. The Doctor and Ben move cautiously towards the entrance when suddenly a Dalek appears from inside, blocking their way:

What are you doing here?

DOCTOR: Stand aside. Servants shouldn't question.

DALEK: *Entry is restricted.*

DOCTOR: Not for me it isn't. "Accord every access"! I've got a badge somewhere . . .

DALEK: *That is an order.*

DOCTOR: A Dalek order. Short circuit the generator, Ben.

Ben moves forward.

DALEK: *Stand back.*

DOCTOR: Don't be frightened, its not armed. I'm going to see what it was doing in there . . .

The Doctor darts forward but before he reaches the inner door of the capsule to his horror two Daleks emerge from nowhere armed with gun-sticks.

DOCTOR: Ben, let's get out of here!

BEN: Lesterson must have activated the others.

They edge towards the door of the laboratory.

DOCTOR: When I say run, run like a rabbit — RUN!

The Doctor and Ben hurtle through the door as the three Daleks congregate.

UNARMED DALEK: *I have sent the human for materials.*

DALEK: *And power?*

UNARMED DALEK: *Yes. Power we can turn into static, then we will conquer.*

The Daleks monotonously grate in unison:

WE WILL CONQUER . . . WE WILL CONQUER . . . WE WILL CONQUER . . .

In Hensell's terrace an inquest is taking place into the reactivated Daleks.

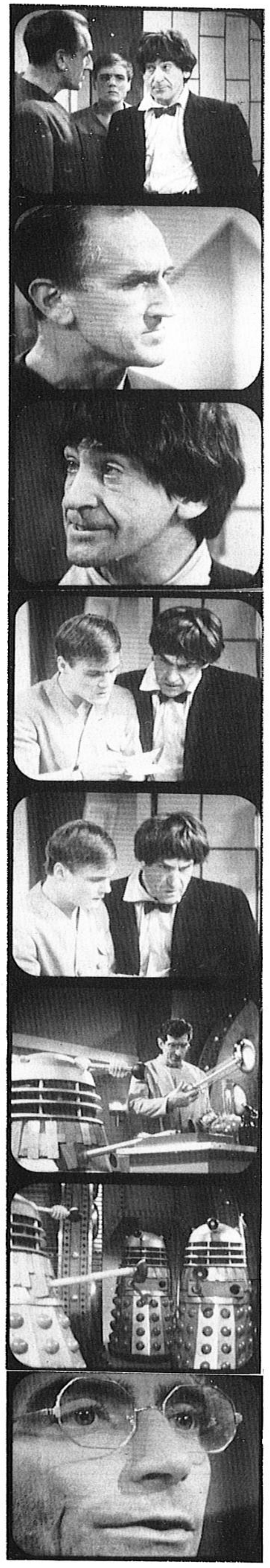
DOCTOR: If you didn't do it Lesterson, then the Dalek has used your power supply and activated them itself.

LESTERSON: I was going to do that anyway.

BEN: Are you off your head, mate? Those two are armed!

LESTERSON: Then we turn off the electricity, disarm them, and *everything's safe again!*

DOCTOR: As I've explained . . .



HENSELL: Stop these arguments, both of you. I've had enough. I've every confidence in Lesterson. He has carte blanche with the Daleks from now on.

DOCTOR: But they must be destroyed.

HENSELL: Bragen, I'm taking a tour of the perimeter, I'm putting you in direct charge here. See that Lesterson has everything he wants . . .

Hensell leaves the room and Lesterson turns to Bragen:

I'll need a permanent guard on my laboratory.

BRAGEN: Very well.

The Doctor stalks furiously from the room followed by Ben.

BRAGEN: Don't worry about the Examiner . . . I think I can keep him quiet . . .

The Doctor storms into the rest room with Ben in tow.

BEN: We've been forgetting about Polly . . .

DOCTOR: Greed and ambition, that's all it is. Wait till they find out what their precious production figures have cost them!

There is a knock at the door and Bragen strides in. The Doctor pulls up a chair and sits indignantly with his back to the visitor, playing his recorder.

BEN: Ah, I want to see you . . .

BRAGEN: What about?

BEN: Polly, she's missing. We can't find her anywhere . . .

BRAGEN: Very well, I'll have one of my men start a chain of enquiries. It shouldn't take long to find her.

BEN: Thanks.

BRAGEN: Examiner, some of my men have found a body in the mercury swamp. It was the body of a middle-aged man . . .

DOCTOR: Why should that interest me?

BRAGEN: You're the Examiner . . . or maybe you're not . . .

The Doctor stops playing and stands to face his accuser:

What exactly do you mean by that?

BRAGEN: Who are you? Quinn's friends? Come to stir up the rebellion?

DOCTOR: There's only one possible way you could know I'm not the Examiner . . .

BEN: Yeah, by knowing what looked like the *real* Examiner!

DOCTOR: Exactly! Only two people knew of his arrival on this planet. Myself and the murderer.

BRAGEN: That's enough!

BEN: Is it? Doctor we've got to tell the Governor.

BRAGEN: D'you think he'd believe you? I'd soon convince him that you'd murdered the man yourself. You stole the Examiner's badge.

DOCTOR: Then why don't you arrest us? Because there's a doubt isn't there? Because it might, just might, go against you . . .

BRAGEN: All right, all right, so neither of us wants to make a move. But you leave Lesterson alone — and his Daleks!

He turns and marches from the room.

BEN: He'd make a right Father Christmas wouldn't he?

DOCTOR: I'd rather fight a hundred of his sort than just one Dalek . . .

Ben rushes to the door as an envelope is slid under it and flings it open but no-one is in sight. He picks up the letter and reads:

Listen to this. "The girl is safe. She will remain so as long as you leave the Daleks alone" . . .

In the laboratory Lesterson is weighing up two Dalek guns, a Dalek beside him:

You disarmed the other two?

DALEK: *Yes. We are your servants. We do not need guns.*

LESTERSON: I'm very glad. I knew the Examiner was wrong about you.

DALEK: *Did you get our materials?*

LESTERSON: Yes. Everything you need you can have.

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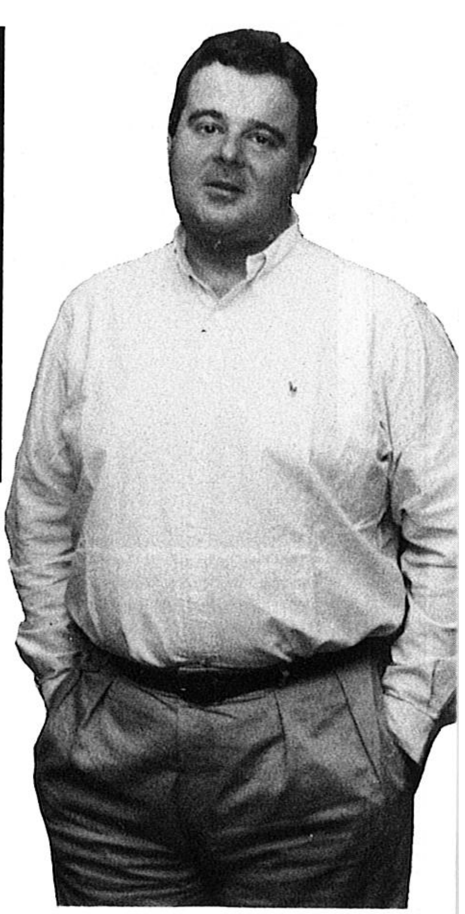
dwb
54 MAY '88

LEVINE SPILLS MOVIE BEANS



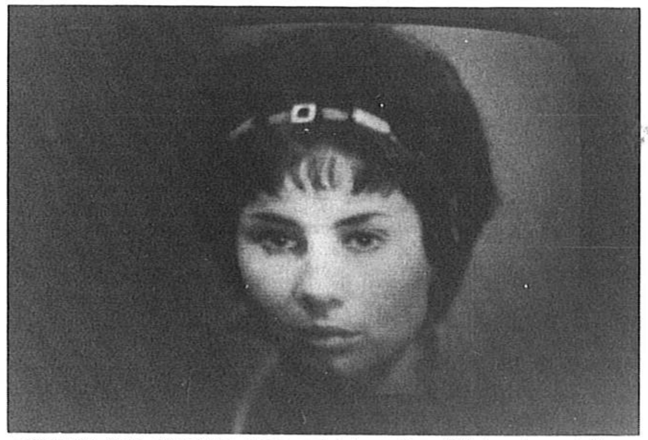
EX-PROGRAMME CONSULTANT and DWB writer Ian Levine has been confirmed as the consultant on DOCTOR WHO - The Movie. His role in the film includes checking through the script to ensure it doesn't veer away from the DOCTOR WHO mythology and that it keeps in faith with the DOCTOR WHO concept. He will also act as adviser to the producers. Ian has promised to keep DWB updated on all the up-to-the-minute developments on the movie, as well as providing us with exclusive interviews and photos so DWB will be the most authoritative source for coverage of the movie. Speaking on London's radio news station LBC on May 15th, Ian said of the film: "The producers of the film - Peter Litten and George Dugdale - want to bring back the magic of previous eras and capture the sort of thing that had people hiding behind their sofas. The part of the Doctor in the film has been offered but has not yet been accepted by the actor and as such nobody can possibly say who it is until it has been accepted. I think the person in mind is going to surprise a lot of people, it's not an obvious choice but I think it's a delightfully inspired one . He hasn't accepted yet but I think he could be quite brilliant. It's an unusual choice but it's a choice that a lot of thought and care has gone into and I think it's fairly safe to say he's not American ! It's Peter Litten's place - when he's ready to reveal who the actor is - to reveal who he is. He and his partner, George Dugdale, are going to America in June or July where they've got three or four offers from major American film distributors and they're going over there to decide exactly which one clinches it. As for the film itself they're thinking along the right lines and I just have a gut reaction they're going to do a very good job and that this movie is going to be one of the big blockbusters of '89. It's going to do what Star Wars did 10 or 11 years ago ! There's still a lot of people in America who don't know what DOCTOR WHO is (it's syndicated on 115 PBS stations as opposed to networked) but the movie will become a household name and will probably lead to six or seven sequels. The BBC don't realise what a hot property they've got at the moment which is why the choice of the new producer - now, in May 1988 - is so important. It's make or break time and the right man in the job will perpetuate another 25 years of DOCTOR WHO and will bring the ratings back up to 11-14 million like they used to be compared to 5 million today. Peter Litten has said there are no old monsters in the film but they've created an entire range of stunning new monsters. The essence of DOCTOR WHO - as he sees it - is frightening without being horrific. In other words not violently frightening but spookily and eerily frightening by use of music and dark lighting and to combine that with a wide variety of alien types of creatures of all shapes and sizes." (In DWB#52 we incorrectly stated that John Nathan-Turner has been offered the job of creative consultant on the movie. In fact all his involvement with the film entails is to act as liason between the film producers and the BBC itself. Our original report in DWB#50 that the film is to be free of any BBC influence was, thankfully, correct after all and JNT has no creative input into the film whatsoever !).

LEVINE AND FIELDING IN L.B.C. FLARE-UP !

Originally the programme - The Bob Harris Phone-in Show - broadcast at 11 o'clock pm - was to have included Peter Litten talking about the film with Ian answering factual questions about the television series, but Litten couldn't make it due to a script - conference with writer Johnny Byrne in which they were going through the final draft, so instead Levine contacted Janet Fielding and Eric Saward who both agreed to come on instead. The programme was scheduled to last an hour but such was the extent of which the LBC switchboard was jammed with callers that the show was extended by an extra ½ hour ! The discussion began with a general look at the history of the show but as calls started coming in it soon became clear that the emphasis would turn to the state of the present day series. While Ian generally agreed with the majority of callers who expressed their dissatisfaction of today's standards, on several occasions their opinions were rudely shouted down by Mrs.Fielding displaying a similar attitude as she did to the British fans at last year's PanoptiCon. With Janet Fielding on one side and Ian Levine on the other, Eric Saward remained admirably cool and collected and came over as an extremely intelligent and fair conversationalist also coming down against today's production standards. In one instance Levine stated factually: "I was looking at a computer print-out at the film production company's office (Coast to Coast) to see exactly where the series was being sold and what's staggering is that the recent Doctors are not being sold hardly at all as opposed to Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker who have reached something like 200 markets (US stations, Australia and everywhere else) as opposed to something like 19 or 20 in the Peter Davison list." Janet interrupted by claiming: "On no, we go out in far more than that !", but acting as mediator Saward was able to confirm Levine's statement although Levine did add that the Hartnell and Troughton sales are also very low.

When Ian started critising the casting of light entertainment actors Janet got exceptionally heated and interrupted: "Hey, hey, hey, just a minute, we're not just talking about LE people - you can't just categorise somebody like Beryl Reid as LE people". Saward again calmly intervened by suggesting: "What you should be saying is not that they are LE actors but the fact is they were miscast". The discussion became so heated at this point that Bob Harris had to cut in and changed topic to Sylvester McCoy and this time Janet interrupted one of the callers who disapproved of his casting as she'd worked with him at his screen-test by saying: "I think Sylvester was wonderful. He is the right choice", to which the caller replied, "I don't think he is. I videoed the present series and I can't bear to watch it. I've been a child actor with the Royal Shakespeare Company and the thing I've learned from them is that when you're on stage or on film the thing is to make it believable and if it's not believable then you're not actually playing the part, and I don't think Sylvester makes it believable". One caller who stated he had virtually given up on the show asked Levine whether he thought there was a future, to which he replied: "I swear we could be on a new Golden Age of DOCTOR WHO if they appoint the right producer and if anybody from the BBC 6th floor is listening now I think the right person producing DOCTOR WHO could turn it around in two weeks! I've been ringing up all week trying to get a quote from Mark Shivas (Head of Drama)' office about what his attitude to DOCTOR WHO is so I could actually tell you on the air tonight but his secretary kept saying he had no comment to make. I just gave up trying in the end - I tried so many times. I wrote him a 3-page letter in the end explaining exactly what I thought was wrong with DOCTOR WHO at the moment. I did speak to Colin Rogers who's the Deputy Head of Drama and I spoke to him for 20 minutes and he was very kind to listen but he wouldn't do anything other than defend Nathan-Turner. Nobody understands why Michael Grade publically criticised him and said he was doing a bad job and why they then left him there. Why has he been there for 8 years while so many people have criticised the programme under him?"

MARCO POLO PHOTO FIND



With the help of Dallas Jones and Antony Howe DWB has traced the source of some recently discovered off-screen stills to an Australian fan who wishes to remain anonymous. The 15 photos are from MARCO POLO, the very first historical story and the only tale from Season 1 of which no episodes officially exist. They will be unveiled complete in the Summer Special (DWB#57 - August)

WERE YOU APRIL FOOLED ?

Last month's 'Season 25 Hots Up' report was spiced up with a few teasers which will have become apparent to anyone aware of the April coverdate. While the article was by and large factual, a few of last month's popular rumours were inserted which many of you spotted: No, the Daleks don't go on a pub crawl in REMEMBRANCE, Terry Molloy is returning as Davros - NOT John Leeson(!), there will be no specially animated sequences on which Sly will be CSO'd and the Brigadier and Tegan won't be returning !

Latest news is that NEMESIS is now the third story and the last is retitled THE HAPPINESS PATROL.

NEXT ISSUE: A JON PERTWEE SPECIAL ! To order send a crossed cheque/PO for £1 30 to; DWB#55, 5 Whitegate Gardens, Harrow-Weald, Middx HA3 6BW SUBSCRIPTIONS: DWB#55 up to the Winter Special - £12 50 (US - $30, ordinary cheques accepted).

BACK ISSUES: The following are currently available from the above address. An asterisk denotes limited supply and alternatives should be stated (all prices inclusive of P & P);

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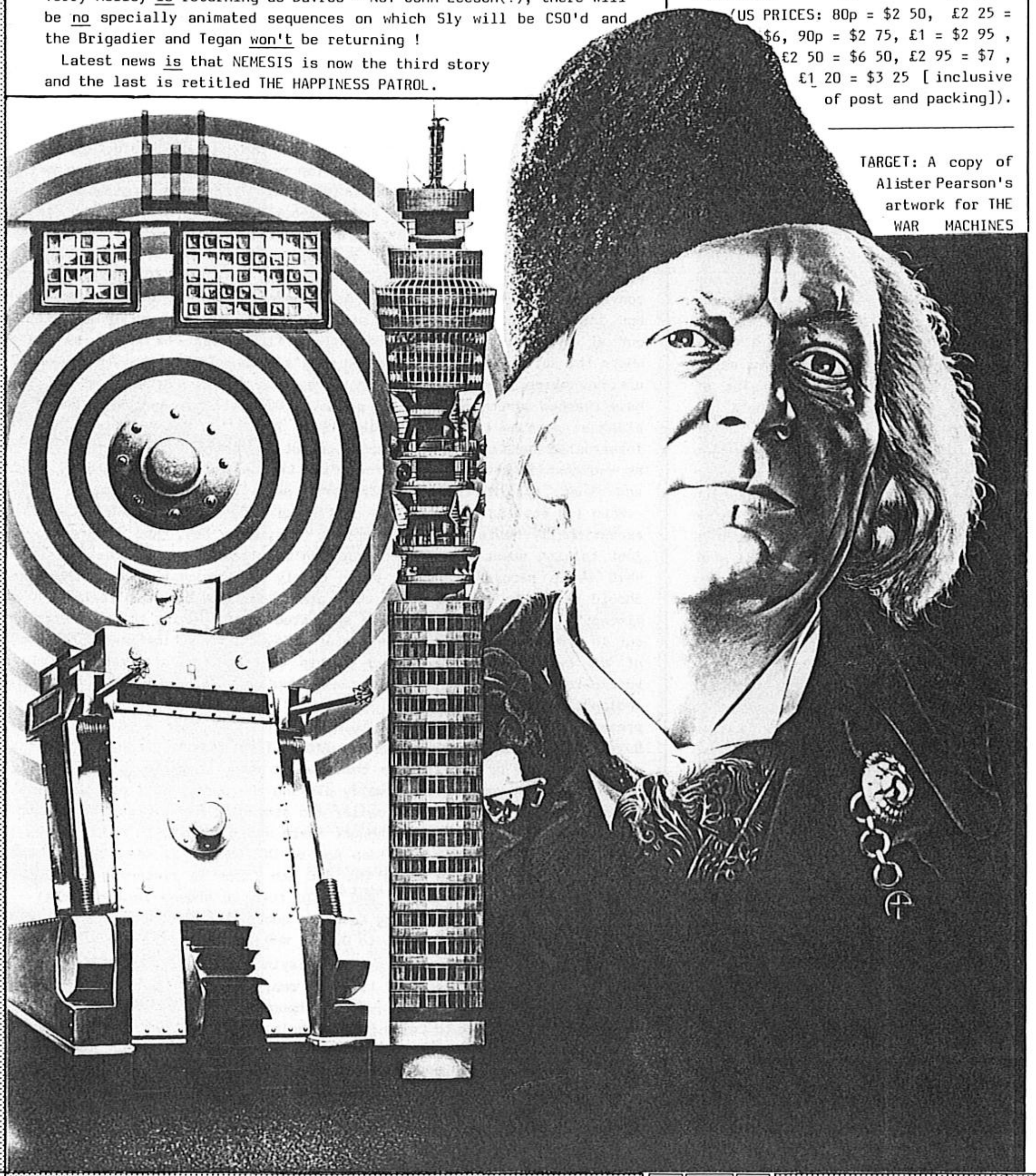

TARGET: A copy of Alister Pearson's artwork for THE WAR MACHINES

A Letter from America

THE LIONHEART 25th anniversary tour that I mentioned last month has been shelved for the remainder of the year, it appears, although the possibility of a convention tour taking part early next year still exists. The decision to wait may be linked to the delays that have shifted the premiere date for the DOCTOR WHO motion picture into 1989 as well, coupled with the failure of the truck tour to make as much money as anticipated by Lionheart executives. Plans to launch the 'official' fan club continue, but there has been no announcement as to when the first newsletter will appear.

The remaining DOCTOR WHO conventions are solidifying the guest lists. The Time Festival set for July 4th (application form in DWB#50) weekend in Minesota will have Jon Pertwee, Frazer Hines, JNT and Andrew Cartmel. The St.Louis CIA's TardisCon in August has Colin Baker and Michael Keating as guests.

After a bit of a gap (no doubt caused by their reorganization), The Companions of DOCTOR WHO are about to produce a new issue of Time Log - with the unusual option of paying extra for issues autographed by Colin Baker or Anthony Ainley. The CIA hopes to have another issue of Gateway to Time available by TardisCon, but this issue will contain both DOCTOR WHO and Blakes 7 fiction. The 20th - and perhaps last - issue of Time Winds is also due from Susan Garrett. The most surprising fanzine news is that the very well established Blakes 7 'zine B7 Complex will be wrapping up with a final issue before the end of the year.

New developments in Fandom would seem to include plans by Terry Nation to conduct seminars on screen writing in a number of cities (while the screen writers are on strike in Los Angeles).

There is not a great deal to report yet on reaction to the new Doctor and his first season. TRIAL OF A TIME LORD is just starting to be seen in quite a few markets to a generally negative response. TIME AND THE RANI has been broadcast as a special in several cities but, as you know, it is difficult to judge a Doctor from his regeneration story. It seems fairly clear that PARADISE TOWERS will be controversial, provoking sharply contrasting reviews from those who have seen it. Some consider it to be among the worst DOCTOR WHO stories ever made and others see it as representing a new beginning for the series. In the Whovian Times and the Canadian Newsletter Enlightenment Jeremy Bentham has offered the label "heavy metal science fiction" for what is afoot in DOCTOR WHO. It seems certain that neither the label not the tentatively favorable advance review he has given us in North America will go unchallenged - KATHLEEN TOTH

ERIC SAWARD'S RIGHT OF REPLY

ERIC SAWARD, LONDON W5

In your April '88 edition (#53, page 3) you state that Terry Nation wasn't prepared to allow me to novelise my Dalek stories because "...he wasn't at all happy with the recent Saward/Dalek adventures..."

This isn't the whole truth.

Approximately two years ago I received a letter from Nigel Robinson (then editor of DOCTOR WHO at W.H.Allen) stating that Roger Hancock (Nation's agent) was prepared to allow the novelisation of my Dalek scripts if I were prepared to pay to Terry Nation sixty per cent of my total earnings on the books. Not only was this an insolent and unrealistic offer, but also grasping and greedy. Needless to say I turned it down.

If Nation "wasn't at all happy" then why was this offer made ? It certainly wasn't to deter publication as this wasn't possible without his permission. As there is no definable reason, I can only surmise that Messrs Nation and Hancock are more interested in money than the artistic control claimed in your article.

SEND 'DWB' YOUR IN-VISION VIEWS

PETER ANGHELIDES, Co-Editor : IN-VISION

If I may, through your pages, I would like to invite DWB readers to comment on the new In-Vision series. We don't have the luxury of a letters page and really would like some feedback positive, negative or indifferent. Perhaps we can answer peoples' questions or worries ? What about content - should we have less text and more pictures, or should we put in as much information as possible ? What should we be looking at for future issues ? Is the magazine format working ?

DWB's letters pages are the liveliest and largest forum of WHO afficionadoes and we'd love to hear from them so please send your letters of comment to the DWB address.

"JUMPED UP LITTLE TWERPS" WIN THE DAY !

TIM MUNRO, Co-Editor : STAR BEGOTTEN

Words cannot describe my joy at your #52 headline: NO MORE JN-T ! I never thought I'd see it and hopefully the minority of critics of Operation WHO will now accept that you were in the right and that the BBC do take notice of "jumped up little twerps"([c]Maria James). A lot of people are looking very silly now.

I wish they could explain to me why Operation WHO was immoral and why it "is not the place of fans to dictate to a television company whom they should employ". No lesser person than Marmaduke Hussey has said that the BBC must become accountable to the public and that the viewers should be treated as a company would treat its shareholders so what is so immoral about shareholders (i.e. licence fee payers - let's not forget that we all pay their wages) telling the company which they own: "You are paying our money to an incompetent employee, we want this stopped"? Nothing wrong in that, it happens all the time.

They say it's not "constructive" to campaign for the producer to be sacked, but surely if somebody was ill and you were a doctor who could see that all of the symptoms of illness were related to one central cause, the most "constructive" thing to do would be to get rid of that cause !?

To my mind the people who object to Operation WHO belong to a school of thought first propounded long ago by Thomas Noonan. It runs that no fan has the right to criticise the work of television professionals. This thinking has always seemed to me to mean that these people who have jobs in TV are therefore superhuman and we mere mortals are not fit to lick their boots, let alone assess and criticise their work. Taken to its logical conclusion it means that waiters in restaurants are free to tip food all over us and we mustn't criticise because, afterall, 'he's' a professional waiter and it's not out place to tell him how to do his job or how a restaurant should be run !

Ms. James was also wrong to attack you for "claiming to represent other people" on no mandate or evidence. I imagine that the readership of DWB, the letters you receive, your readers polls and just your contact with the general mood of Fandom gives you a rather better idea of your readers' feelings - and therefore better ability to represent them - than the DWAS has. When did they last hold a ballot to determine their members' views on the series, yet they feel perfectly qualified to "represent other people" (witness their defence of the feeble Season 24 in the press).

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR BRILLIANCE

ALAN TOOMBS, LONDON N4

Fans'suggestions of how the show can be improved post-JNT generally detail those 'motifs' which should be dropped and those old favourites they would like revived. What they rarely do, however, is proffer new, original elements for the programme.

Now, next year we shall have both a new season and a feature film, which are more than likely to deliver fresh directions. What an exciting time to be a fan of DOCTOR WHO ! We are luckier than we deserve and should be thankful at yet another chance for brilliance.

"A NEW SCRIPT EDITOR IS VITAL TOO !"

GARY PHILLIPS, Rotherham, S.YORKSHIRE

Along with the majority of my fellow DWB readers I greeted #52's news headline with a sense of overjoyed rapture, albeit tinged with a certain wariness. True, JNT's departure is long overdue, but I personally would approach the selection of his successor with extreme caution, particularly if Cartmel is to remain as script editor beyond Season 25.

In DWB#35 amid speculation of a new producer to oversee Season 24 the prime contender was - and if the 1986 Readers Poll is to be believed, still is - Michael E. Briant, a choice which I personally am in no position to dispute for he is certainly of the required calibre to undo all the damage inflicted upon the programme by JNT. Yet it is necessary to remember that of all his predecessors only Derrick Sherwin and Barry Letts had worked on the programme in another capacity and there again fairly recently before, and in the eyes of Mark Shivas and Co. this could be Briant's one disadvantage insofar as it is now 11 years since he last worked on DOCTOR WHO.

This element of doubt brings us to the next bone of contention. If the new producer is an 'incomer' then Shivas is likely to ask Cartmel - who otherwise may be tempted to follow his mentor into the sunset - to stay on, as Graeme McDonald did with the late Robert Holmes back in 1977 and this in turn brings us to the next major hurdle. If, like Hinchcliffe, the newcomer is able to stamp his own personality upon the programme with immediate effect then he (or she) will be able to keep Cartmel's excesses in check, but there again if, like Graham Williams, the newcomer is a raw recruit plunged in at the deep end then a by now more confident Cartmel may have the leeway to give full vent to his comic book mentality and thus the "New age of Prosperity" upon which we are all depending is gone.

Therefore a new script editor is as essential as a new producer if there is to be hope of the series continuing after Season 26. After the machinations of JNT, revitalisation on a scale such as is required cannot be achieved overnight and his successor has a long and difficult job ahead. I for one wish him (or her) every success...

EVERYTHING LOOKING ROSY AGAIN !

KENNETH HORLOCK, Gillingham, KENT

DWB#53 was one of the most enjoyable and optimistic issues yet. Suddenly everything looks rosy again in the WHO world. I know many people aren't too impressed with the Daleks, Cybermen, etc, being trundled out yet again, but DOCTOR WHO currently needs viewers and if anything is going to get them, it'll be a return of the Doctor's deadliest foes. I was pleased, though not particularly excited, by #52's news of their return (tempering my enthusiasm with thoughts of 'Terror of the Cybermen' by Pip and Jane Baker and Season 24-type celebrities tackling the Daleks) but #53 suggests the season could promise much. On paper everything looks right, and without Miss Langford around to reduce every scene to farce we might even get some suspense.

Back to #53 and what I liked about it. Page 2, a warning that some people might not like to read the Season 25 preview. Much appreciated. Pages 8 and 9 and the REMEMBRANCE photo feature. Perfect. They gave away nothing and whetted my appetite immensely (what a far cry from this time last year when we were looking forward to Ken Dodd et al !), and best of all page 6 and the Hartnell Ratings. Fascinating stuff !

JN-T DOES NOT HOLD LONGEST-STORY RECORD

ANTONY HOWE & STEPHEN COLLINS, AUSTRALIA

We keep seeing references to THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD as the longest programme in the history of DOCTOR WHO. Perhaps it was inevitable that Nathan-Turner's egotistical desire to smash all previous records held in the series would extend to producing the longest serial. However, the claim that Season 23 comprises one long story is, simply, untrue; it has three quite distinct 4-parters. The brief trial sequences of the Doctor and the Valeyard are not links, they are obviously insertions. Only the two part 'conclusion' was focused on the trial. No-one can really argue that MYSTERIOUS PLANET, MINDWARP and TERROR OF THE VERVOIDS are one story; each can be watched by itself, each has totally different locations and each has new characters.

Fundamentally, TRIAL OF A TIME LORD is different from epics such as WAR GAMES or DALEKS' MASTER PLAN. MASTER PLAN could not be divided up and Target published WAR GAMES as one book, not four. Unlike such real epics, TRIAL does not deal with one long story but is created around a group of quite different stories; the similarities with the Turlough trilogy (MAWDRYN UNDEAD to ENLIGHTENMENT) linked mainly by the Black Guardian, or the E-Space trilogy, are obvious. Logically, if you call TRIAL one story, you must also say that Season 16 was one story called THE KEY TO TIME. If you do this, Graham Williams holds the record for producing the longest DOCTOR WHO serial. In any event, this record at least is not held by Nathan-Turner.

"HELP ! WE DO EXIST !!"

MURRAY JACKSON, Auckland, NEW ZEALAND

Greetings from Down Under, the real Down Under that is, because you can't get much further Down Under than New Zealand ! Contrary to popular belief there are fans of DOCTOR WHO in New Zealand too and I feel it's a poor show that we never get a mention, yet Australia gets a whole issue (#32) !!

So here, for your interest, are a couple of facts: New Zealand screened DOCTOR WHO five months before Australia ! Yes folks, we received THE TRIBE OF GUM in the Christchurch area on 18th September 1964. We were halfway through Season 1 before Perth had a whiff of the good Doctor's adventures, so that makes us one of the first countries to screen DOCTOR WHO ! Secondly, New Zealand has its own fanzine which acts as an information mag for NZ fans keeping them up-to-date with local and oversees developments. (Any NZ fan reading this letter can get more info by writing to: Time/Space Visualiser, PO Box 45034, AUCKLAND 8).

Here in NZ we've had a pretty raw deal as far as screening of the programme goes. We missed the final Troughton season and were shown a token seven Pertwee stories with no Master stories shown at all. Then, after receiving a reasonably complete showing of Baker stories from 1978-81, poor old Davison was cut off in mid-season after MAWDRYN UNDEAD !

THE COMPLETE TROUGHTON RATINGS

SEASON 4 (Cont'd)

	(DATE OF TRANSMISSION)	(VIEWERS IN MILLIONS)	(POSITION IN COMPARISON TO OTHER PROGRAMMES)	(AUDIENCE APPRECIATION AS A %AGE)
THE POWER OF THE DALEKS(1)	05-11-66	7.9	44	43
THE POWER OF THE DALEKS(2)	12-11-66	7.8	50	45
THE POWER OF THE DALEKS(3)	19-11-66	7.5	52	44
THE POWER OF THE DALEKS(4)	26-11-66	7.8	50	47
THE POWER OF THE DALEKS(5)	03-12-66	8.0	48	48
THE POWER OF THE DALEKS(6)	10-12-66	7.8	37	47
THE HIGHLANDERS(1)	17-12-66	6.7	67	47
THE HIGHLANDERS(2)	24-12-66	6.8	89	46
THE HIGHLANDERS(3)	31-12-66	7.4	68	46
THE HIGHLANDERS(4)	07-01-67	7.3	66	47
THE UNDERWATER MENACE(1)	14-01-67	8.3	43	48
THE UNDERWATER MENACE(2)	21-01-67	7.5	64	46
THE UNDERWATER MENACE(3)	28-01-67	7.1	59	45
THE UNDERWATER MENACE(4)	04-02-67	7.0	65	47
THE MOONBASE(1)	11-02-67	8.1	56	50
THE MOONBASE(2)	18-02-67	8.9	36	49
THE MOONBASE(3)	25-02-67	8.2	49	53
THE MOONBASE(4)	04-03-67	8.1	44	58
THE MACRA TERROR(1)	11-03-67	8.0	37	50
THE MACRA TERROR(2)	18-03-67	7.9	42	48
THE MACRA TERROR(3)	25-03-67	8.5	45	52
THE MACRA TERROR(4)	01-04-67	8.4	39	49
THE FACELESS ONES(1)	08-04-67	8.0	47	51
THE FACELESS ONES(2)	15-04-67	6.4	70	50
THE FACELESS ONES(3)	22-04-67	7.9	43	53
THE FACELESS ONES(4)	29-04-67	6.9	62	55
THE FACELESS ONES(5)	06-05-67	7.1	39	55
THE FACELESS ONES(6)	13-05-67	8.0	33	52
THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS(1)	20-05-67	8.1	37	51
THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS(2)	27-05-67	7.5	37	51
THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS(3)	03-06-67	6.1	61	52
THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS(4)	10-06-67	5.3	51	51
THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS(5)	17-06-67	5.1	62	53
THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS(6)	24-06-67	6.8	38	49
THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS(7)	01-07-67	6.1	50	56
SEASON 5				
THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN(1)	02-09-67	6.0	57	53
THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN(2)	09-09-67	6.4	57	52
THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN(3)	16-09-67	7.2	38	49
THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN(4)	23-09-67	7.4	34	50
THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN(1)	30-09-67	6.3	57	50
THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN(2)	07-10-67	6.0	71	52
THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN(3)	14-10-67	7.1	51	51
THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN(4)	21-10-67	7.1	60	50
THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN(5)	28-10-67	7.2	61	51
THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN(6)	04-11-67	7.4	56	52
THE ICE WARRIORS(1)	11-11-67	6.7	68	52
THE ICE WARRIORS(2)	18-11-67	7.1	71	52
THE ICE WARRIORS(3)	25-11-67	7.4	64	51
THE ICE WARRIORS(4)	02-12-67	7.3	63	51
THE ICE WARRIORS(5)	09-12-67	8.0	44	50
THE ICE WARRIORS(6)	16-12-67	7.5	59	51
THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD(1)	23-12-67	6.8	89	50
THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD(2)	30-12-67	7.6	75	49
THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD(3)	06-01-68	7.1	79	48
THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD(4)	13-01-68	7.8	66	49
THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD(5)	20-01-68	6.9	73	49
THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD(6)	27-01-68	8.3	55	52
THE WEB OF FEAR(1)	03-02-68	7.2	82	54
THE WEB OF FEAR(2)	10-02-68	6.8	80	53
THE WEB OF FEAR(3)	17-02-68	7.0	71	51
THE WEB OF FEAR(4)	24-02-68	8.4	52	53
THE WEB OF FEAR(5)	02-03-68	8.0	48	55
THE WEB OF FEAR(6)	09-03-68	8.3	36	55
THE FURY FROM THE DEEP(1)	16-03-68	8.2	46	55
THE FURY FROM THE DEEP(2)	23-03-68	7.9	40	55
THE FURY FROM THE DEEP(3)	30-03-68	7.7	47	56
THE FURY FROM THE DEEP(4)	06-04-68	6.6	62	56
THE FURY FROM THE DEEP(5)	13-04-68	5.9	73	56
THE FURY FROM THE DEEP(6)	20-04-68	6.9	42	57
THE WHEEL IN SPACE(1)	27-04-68	7.2	40	57
THE WHEEL IN SPACE(2)	04-05-68	6.9	59	60
THE WHEEL IN SPACE(3)	11-05-68	7.5	40	55
THE WHEEL IN SPACE(4)	18-05-68	8.6	28	56
THE WHEEL IN SPACE(5)	25-05-68	6.8	44	57
THE WHEEL IN SPACE(6)	01-06-68	6.5	51	62
EVIL OF THE DALEKS Rpt(1)	08-06-68	6.3	31	50
EVIL OF THE DALEKS Rpt(2)	15-06-68	5.0	63	52
EVIL OF THE DALEKS Rpt(3)	22-06-68	6.3	49	51
EVIL OF THE DALEKS Rpt(4)	13-07-68	5.0	68	49
EVIL OF THE DALEKS Rpt(5)	20-07-68	5.1	67	50
EVIL OF THE DALEKS Rpt(6)	27-07-68	4.2	74	51
EVIL OF THE DALEKS Rpt(7)	03-08-68	5.5	57	49
SEASON 6				
THE DOMINATORS(1)	10-08-68	6.1	54	-
THE DOMINATORS(2)	17-08-68	5.9	61	55
THE DOMINATORS(3)	24-08-68	5.4	65	55
THE DOMINATORS(4)	31-08-68	7.5	33	51
THE DOMINATORS(5)	07-09-68	5.9	64	53
THE MIND ROBBER(1)	14-09-68	6.6	55	51
THE MIND ROBBER(2)	21-09-68	6.5	54	49
THE MIND ROBBER(3)	28-09-68	7.2	45	53
THE MIND ROBBER(4)	05-10-68	7.3	44	56
THE MIND ROBBER(5)	12-10-68	6.7	84	49
THE INVASION(1)	02-11-68	7.3	55	55
THE INVASION(2)	09-11-68	7.1	55	53
THE INVASION(3)	16-11-68	7.1	66	54
THE INVASION(4)	23-11-68	6.4	73	51
THE INVASION(5)	30-11-68	6.7	67	52
THE INVASION(6)	07-12-68	6.5	72	56
THE INVASION(7)	14-11-68	7.2	51	55
THE INVASION(8)	21-11-68	7.0	80	53
THE KROTONS(1)	28-12-68	9.0	55	59
THE KROTONS(2)	04-01-69	8.4	54	57
THE KROTONS(3)	11-01-69	7.5	61	56
THE KROTONS(4)	18-01-69	7.1	68	55
THE SEEDS OF DEATH(1)	25-01-69	6.6	68	57
THE SEEDS OF DEATH(2)	01-02-69	6.8	72	59
THE SEEDS OF DEATH(3)	08-02-69	7.5	65	55
THE SEEDS OF DEATH(4)	15-02-69	7.1	74	55
THE SEEDS OF DEATH(5)	22-02-69	7.6	65	57
THE SEEDS OF DEATH(6)	01-03-69	7.7	59	59
THE SPACE PIRATES(1)	08-03-69	5.8	96	57
THE SPACE PIRATES(2)	15-03-69	6.8	74	52
THE SPACE PIRATES(3)	22-03-69	6.4	75	55
THE SPACE PIRATES(4)	29-03-69	5.8	83	53
THE SPACE PIRATES(5)	05-04-69	5.5	70	56
THE SPACE PIRATES(6)	12-04-69	5.3	98	52
THE WAR GAMES(1)	19-04-69	5.5	88	55
THE WAR GAMES(2)	26-04-69	6.3	68	54
THE WAR GAMES(3)	03-05-69	5.1	81	53
THE WAR GAMES(4)	10-05-69	5.7	63	50
THE WAR GAMES(5)	17-05-69	5.1	87	53
THE WAR GAMES(6)	24-05-69	4.2	91	53
THE WAR GAMES(7)	31-05-69	4.9	83	53
THE WAR GAMES(8)	07-06-69	3.5	96	53
THE WAR GAMES(9)	14-06-69	4.1	91	57
THE WAR GAMES(10)	21-06-69	5.0	66	58

STORIES RANKED IN ORDER OF AVERAGE AUDIENCE SIZE(FIGURES IN MILLIONS):

1st)	THE MOONBASE	8.33	")	THE SEEDS OF DEATH	7.2
2nd)	THE MACRA TERROR	8.2	13th)	THE HIGHLANDERS	7.05
3rd)	THE KROTONS	8.0	14th)	THE INVASION	6.9
4th)	THE POWER'DALEKS	7.8	15th)	THE MIND ROBBER	6.86
5th)	THE WEB OF FEAR	7.62	16th)	ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN	6.85
6th)	UNDERWATER MENACE	7.48	17th)	TOMB'CYBERMEN	6.75
7th)	ENEMY OF THE WORLD	7.42	18th)	THE EVIL'DALEKS	6.43
8th)	THE FACELESS ONES	7.38	19th)	THE DOMINATORS	6.16
9th)	THE ICE WARRIORS	7.33	20th)	THE SPACE PIRATES	5.9
10th)	THE WHEEL IN SPACE	7.25	21st)	THE WAR GAMES	4.94
11th)	FURY FROM THE DEEP	7.2		AVERAGE = 7.1	

STORIES RANKED IN ORDER OF AVERAGE POSITION ON TELEVISION CHART:

1st)	THE MACRA TERROR	41	12th)	ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN	59
2nd)	THE WHEEL IN SPACE	44	13th)	THE KROTONS	60
3rd)	THE MOONBASE	46	14th)	THE ICE WARRIORS	62
4th)	THE POWER'DALEKS	47	")	THE WEB OF FEAR	62
")	THE EVIL'DALEKS	47	16th)	THE INVASION	65
")	TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN	47	17th)	THE SEEDS OF DEATH	67
7th)	THE FACELESS ONES	49	18th)	THE HIGHLANDERS	73
8th)	FURY FROM THE DEEP	52	")	ENEMY OF THE WORLD	73
9th)	THE DOMINATORS	55	20th)	THE WAR GAMES	81
10th)	THE MIND ROBBER	56	21st)	THE SPACE PIRATES	83
11th)	UNDERWATER MENACE	58		AVERAGE = 58	

STORIES RANKED IN ORDER OF AUDIENCE APPRECIATION(EXPRESSED AS A PERCENTAGE):

1st)	THE WHEEL IN SPACE	58	")	THE EVIL'DALEKS	52
2nd)	THE KROTONS	57	")	THE MIND ROBBER	52
")	THE SEEDS OF DEATH	57	14th)	TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN	51
4th)	FURY FROM THE DEEP	56	")	ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN	51
5th)	THE INVASION	54	")	THE ICE WARRIORS	51
")	THE SPACE PIRATES	54	17th)	THE MACRA TERROR	50
")	THE WAR GAMES	54	18th)	ENEMY OF THE WORLD	49
8th)	THE FACELESS ONES	53	19th)	THE HIGHLANDERS	47
")	THE WEB OF FEAR	53	")	UNDERWATER MENACE	47
")	THE DOMINATORS	53	21st)	THE POWER'DALEKS	46
11th)	THE MOONBASE	52		AVERAGE = 52	

TOP 15 EPISODES(MILLIONS):			BOTTOM 15 EPISODES(MILLIONS):		
1st)	THE KROTONS(1)	9.0	1st)	THE WAR GAMES(8)	3.5
2nd)	THE MOONBASE(2)	8.9	2nd)	THE WAR GAMES(9)	4.1
3rd)	WHEEL IN SPACE(4)	8.6	3rd)	THE WAR GAMES(6)	4.2
4th)	THE MACRA TERROR(3)	8.5	4th)	THE WAR GAMES(7)	4.9
5th)	THE MACRA TERROR(4)	8.4	5th)	THE WAR GAMES(10)	5.0
")	THE WEB OF FEAR(4)	8.4	6th)	THE EVIL'DALEKS(5)	5.1
")	THE KROTONS(2)	8.4	")	THE WAR GAMES(3)	5.1
8th)	UNDERWATER MENACE(1)	8.3	")	THE WAR GAMES(5)	5.1
")	ENEMY OF THE WORLD(6)	8.3	9th)	THE EVIL'DALEKS(4)	5.3
")	THE WEB OF FEAR(6)	8.3	")	THE SPACE PIRATES(6)	5.3
11th)	THE MOONBASE(3)	8.2	11th)	THE DOMINATORS(3)	5.4
")	FURY FROM THE DEEP(1)	8.2	12th)	THE SPACE PIRATES(5)	5.5
13th)	THE MOONBASE(1)	8.1	")	THE WAR GAMES(1)	5.5
")	THE MOONBASE(4)	8.1	14th)	THE WAR GAMES(4)	5.7
")	THE EVIL'DALEKS(1)	8.1	15th)	SPACE PIRATES(1 6 4)	5.8

TOP 12 EPISODES(POSITIONS):			BOTTOM 12 EPISODES(POSITIONS):		
1st)	WHEEL IN SPACE(4)	28	1st)	THE SPACE PIRATES(6)	98
2nd)	THE EVIL'DALEKS(2)	31	2nd)	THE SPACE PIRATES(1)	96
3rd)	THE FACELESS ONES(6)	33	")	THE WAR GAMES(8)	96
")	THE DOMINATORS(4)	33	4th)	THE WAR GAMES(6)	91
5th)	TOMB'CYBERMEN(4)	34	")	THE WAR GAMES(9)	91
6th)	THE MOONBASE(2)	36	6th)	THE HIGHLANDERS(2)	89
")	THE WEB OF FEAR(6)	36	")	ENEMY OF THE WORLD(1)	89
8th)	THE POWER'DALEKS(6)	37	8th)	THE WAR GAMES(1)	88
")	THE MACRA TERROR(1)	37	9th)	THE WAR GAMES(5)	87
")	THE EVIL'DALEKS(1)	37	10th)	THE MIND ROBBER(5)	84
11th)	THE EVIL'DALEKS(6)	38	11th)	THE SPACE PIRATES(4)	83
")	TOMB'CYBERMEN(3)	38	"th)	THE WAR GAMES(7)	83

In keeping with the flavour of this issue, this month the Troughton era is featured in our exclusive series on DOCTOR WHO's Ratings through the years published for the very first time.

Patrick Troughton devotees will undoubtably find his ratings disappointing. True, they are a distinct improvement on Hartnell's disastrous final stories, but then he never even begins to reach the dizzy heights enjoyed by his predecessor in his heyday (cira Season 2). Still, his ratings are more or less virtually consistent throughout his tenure indicating that his portrayal of the Doctor was just as endearing in the eyes of the public.

Troughton's first season was marginally the most successful in terms of viewers and it's just a shame that THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS was placed at the end spanning the summer months of May-July and thus achieving very low ratings towards the end of the story. Perhaps the production team - noting the true potential of this brilliant adventure - realised their folly and decided it deserved another airing, but ironically the schedules dictated that it would have to be reshown when DOCTOR WHO went off the air after the following season, thus again imposing a summer slot. However, for a summer repeat (the first DOCTOR WHO repeat ever incidentally), it did exceptionally well with episode three actually rating more than on its original broadcast (incidentally there was a three week gap between episodes three and four to allow for coverage of the 1968 Olympic Games). But in terms of position - which is a more accurate measure of popularity exempting seasonal factors - THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS impressively finishes 4th in the overall chart ! (The overall charts only take into account the original showing and not the repeat).

THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN - another story that would have benefited greatly from a mid-winter (dark nights, log fires, etc.) screening - also didn't meet its full potential of viewers, although it's interesting to note the continual increase in viewers for each subsequent episode culminating with a decent 7.4m for the thrilling fourth episode. Hailed as a classic by the fans, on the whole Season 5's ratings do seem pretty tame yet highly respectable nonetheless (8m viewers then is probably equivalent to 10m or more viewers today !).

It was Season 6 - with its clumsy structure and jumble of last-minute replacement stories - that saw the series begin to wane again in popularity, notably towards the end of Troughton's era as with his predecessor. Although the season inexplicably notched up the highest rating for a Troughton episode (THE KROTONS part 1), it wasn't very long before the ratings plumbed one of the lowest depths in the history of DOCTOR WHO with THE WAR GAMES episode 8 achieving the lowest rating up to then and forcing the BBC programme decision makers to seriously consider the series' future in its present state. Few will disagree that THE WAR GAMES dragged on for far too long and would have fared far better as a 6-parter as was originally planned.

Once again the Audience Appreciation figures are full of anomalies when analysed as a whole over three seasons. As mentioned last issue the panel of 700 or so who recorded as a percentage their enjoyment derived from watching each episode had a rapid turnaround of members resulting in conflicting figures between seasons (look how vastly the appreciation figures differ between the original showing of THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS and its repeat). This time the average chart disproportionately favours Season 6 whereas the panel who were around during Troughton's first season rated his earlier stories far less favourably and I'm sure you'll agree - after reading the photonovel - that THE POWER OF THE DALEKS certainly doesn't deserve final placing !

NEXT ISSUE: The complete Pertwee Ratings

YOUR 'POWER OF THE DALEKS PHOTONOVEL'

I hope you will enjoy this month's THE POWER OF THE DALEKS Photonovel as much as I have enjoyed putting it together. I'm sure you will agree this story has been grossly underrated and should at last achieve the recognition it deserves.

So why did we publish this special ? First and foremost it is DWB's own tribute to Patrick Troughton (and my favourite Doctor !). Like many of you I was appalled at the BBC's failure to acknowledge this great actor's work and therefore intended to pay my own tribute in some way and so it has been many months in the making. Originally it was to have been along the lines of last year's ROGER DELGADO - A TRIBUTE, but I soon learned that the DWAS would be publishing their own tribute to Patrick which, coincidentally, is also published this month. It would have been ridiculous to have had two tributes devoted to the same person published simultaneously so, with the aid of Christopher Barry's magnificent off-monitor stills, I decided to pay homage to Patrick by retelling, appropriately, his debut adventure as the Doctor as a photonovel - the first ever of a DOCTOR WHO story ! Hopefully it will now nicely compliment DWAS' tribute as well as providing some consolation for the fact that THE POWER OF THE DALEKS no longer officially exists. Indeed, I hope reading it will be the next best thing to actually watching it on television, but do you think it works in this respect ? Please write in and let me know !

All 400 of Christopher's stills are featured and are, of course, published in order and so are very easy to follow with the accompanying text which adheres strictly to David Whitaker's superb original script. In adapting it I have, unlike a proper novel, omitted descriptive passages as they are, of course, conveyed by the pictures. As with any script there are one or two minor discrepencies and we invite your own theories as to how, for example a Dalek - in essence a 'living' creature - can be returned to life after 200 years with a surge of power (maybe, like Davros, they are capable of suspending their respiratory systems for a couple of centuries ?).

Thankfully one scene from this story does exist. It is at the end of episode 5 and beginning of epsode 6 and sees the Daleks screeching "DALEKS CONQUER AND DESTROY, DALEKS CONQUER AND DESTROY..." and filing out of their capsule in preparation for the extermination of all human beings. This clip exists in Blue Peter's 'Design a Monster' competition programme which rests safely in the BBC Archives and lasts approximately for one minute - GARY.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

As from next issue new rates for advertising in DWB come into effect. Up to now fan rates have always been greatly subsidised to help fans get their various projects off the ground, but because of soaring print costs we feel it is justified to increase the cost of advertising space to more realistic prices rather than raise the cover price to our readers. Having said this, such is the extent to which we have subsidised adverts in the past that the new increased rates are still by far the best value advertising rates available in DOCTOR WHO Fandom. DWB has roughly the same print-run as CT and yet the price of a ½ page ad at the new rate, for example, is only £24 as opposed to £30 in CT. Advertising in DWB is a proven effective way to get your message across - many of our advertisers write in to tell us how they are always delighted with the enthusiastic response from our readers !

The following new rates come into effect as from the publication date of this issue (ads sent before May 23rd are accepted at the previoius rates):

FAN RATES

1 page(A4 camera ready)£45 (old price - £33)
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¼ page(130 x 195mm / 65 x 390mm)£12 (old price - £9 25)
Eighth page(65 x 195mm / 130 x 95mm)£6 (old price - £5 75)
Sixteenth page(65 x 95mm)£3 (no change)

COMMERCIAL RATES(25% EXTRA): 1 page; £56 25 (old price - £38), ½ page; £30 (old price - £20 50), ¼ page; £15 (old price - £12), Eighth page; £7 50 (no change), Sixteenth page; £3 25 (75p cheaper !)

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(To take full advantage of your advertising space you should bear in mind that DWB enjoys a large following in America and Australia and to some extent Canada and New Zealand and your advertisement should include prices to cover overseas orders. You should have your product weighed at a post office to determine the exact cost of postage before setting prices).

OVERLEAF WE INTERVIEW 'DOCTOR WHO's' LONGEST-SERVING PRODUCTION MEMBER - VAL McCRIMMON - WHO HAS BEEN AN ASSISTANT FLOOR MANAGER ON THE SERIES OFF AND ON SINCE 'THE SENSORITES' AND RETURNS FOR SEASON 25's EXCITING DALEK EPIC, 'REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS'...

INTERVIEW CONDUCTED AT THE B.B.C.'S THRESHOLD HOUSE ON MARCH 22nd 1988

HOW DID YOU COME TO WORK FOR THE B.B.C. ?
That was in the 60's. I was working as a stage manager in the theatre at Guildford. The previous stage manager had left to join the B.B.C. and she said they wanted people for holiday relief and that's how I came to join. I was interviewed and started more or less straight away in '63 and I've been there ever since - on and off - as an A.F.M. (assistant floor manager).

WHAT DOES THE JOB OF AN A.F.M. ENTAIL ?
A lot of things. It's more or less the collating - especially DOCTOR WHO - of all the various departments and everything is ordered and arranged to be delivered. For example, when I get a script I break it down into props, visual effects, video effects, furniture, etc., and then we usually have a meeting to decide who does what. This is quite a long meeting with the lighting, sound and video engineers, the video effects designer, prop buyer and so on and they go through the script and decide which department does what - whose responsibility it is - and when that's sorted out the A.F.M. starts to type prop lists, video requirements etc., and being the B.B.C. of course everything has to be typed in triplicate.

As we've got an OB on the Dalek story, there's also transport to be booked and arranged, schedules to be worked out, rehearsal rooms to book, actors to call. . .it's an awful lot - it's all the little bits and pieces that you more or less collate together and make sure everything's ordered and arranged.

PRESUMABLY YOU WORK CLOSELY WITH THE DIRECTOR ?
Well, you work as a team - quite close to the director and quite close to the designer and the visual effects designer. It's the production manager who works more closely to the director.

DO YOU HAVE MUCH CONTACT WITH THE PRODUCER ?
Oh yes. John Nathan-Turner is a very supportive producer and yes, he does involve himself very much. He comes to our meetings and he likes to be in on every discussion. Not every producer does that but John Nathan-Turner is, I think, a very good and supportive producer.

HOW ARE YOU ASSIGNED TO WORK ON EACH PROGRAMME ? DO PRODUCERS PARTICULARLY CHASE AFTER YOU ?
I believe on this occasion - as it is John Nathan-Turner's last series - that he did ask for me. Sometimes yes, that does work, other times it's just if you happen to be free. I might have put leave in for this time or I might have been booked on another show and not been available, but it just worked out because I had my leave at Christmas time so I could do this one.

YOU JOINED THE B.B.C. IN 1963 SO HAD YOU WORKED ON ANYTHING PRIOR TO 'DOCTOR WHO' ?
Yes, I worked on a series called Compact, which was the very first soap. I don't suppose you remember that - it's called Crossroads now (sic). I didn't find that an enjoyable series.

BY THE TIME YOU WERE GIVEN A 'DOCTOR WHO' WAS IT A BIG SUCCESS BY THEN BECAUSE IT HAD ONLY RECENTLY STARTED ?
I worked on it just after the Daleks came in so I suppose it was a big success, yes. I think I had mixed feelings though because series were always such hard work and I think I would have preferred to have done a nice play but as I was on series I just accepted that I would have to do it, but I did actually enjoy doing it.

CAN YOU REMEMBER WALKING ONTO THE 'DOCTOR WHO' SET FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A STORY CALLED 'THE SENSORITES' ?
Actually I do because it was a very grey, metally sort of looking set with lots of corridors. I believe we did it in Lime Grove and it was very hot - we happened to have a heatwave when we were doing the show - and the Sensorite actors were really suffering and we had to keep letting them out for fresh air.

IN THOSE DAYS THEY WERE RECORDED VERY CLOSE TO TRANSMISSION DATE. DO YOU REMEMBER HOW CLOSE ?
It was very close, I can't remember, but I know that they were nearly done live. The tape was cut as little as possible; the aim was to try and get it all in one without cutting the tape and it wasn't possible with DOCTOR WHO because although it wasn't as technical as it is now, there were technicalities. It was like doing the way they do comedy shows now where you rehearse for a week, then you have a transmission day, then you have one day off and go back to rehearsal the next day. So it was quite hard work over the six weeks and it was seven days a week for me.

NOWADAYS IT MUST SEEM MUCH EASIER BECAUSE THEY RECORD MONTHS BEFORE AND SO THERE ISN'T AS MUCH PRESSURE ?
No, I'm afraid it isn't ! Because of the new technical developments, things we would never have attempted in the old days are attempted now and a lot of it is experimental and we don't know if the thing is going to work or not and so that takes time, and so we always seem to be under pressure which is a good thing: striving to get more in than there's often time for.

WHAT WAS THE ORIGINAL CAST LIKE TO WORK WITH ?
Very nice, especially Jacqueline Hill and Bill Russell. I don't have many memories of Carole Ann Ford good or bad. I don't know why this is, it is a long time ago, but I remember Bill Hartnell very well.

IT'S OFTEN SAID WILLIAM HARTNELL WAS SOMETIMES BAD-TEMPERED. DID THAT OCCUR TO YOU ?
Well, irascible I would call him. One of my lasting memories of him was he found the convoluted wording difficult to say. He couldn't get his tongue around it - and I'm sure I couldn't - especially at producer's runs. If he dried I'd prompt him and he would snap back at me, "OH YES, I KNOW THAT !", and I would say, "Oh, I'm sorry, Bill, I do apologise", and it was like a little game; when he dried I prompted and he snapped back and then he'd buy me a drink in the pub afterwards ! He was very sweet really, his bark was worse than his bite, and I remember he used to bring us homemade sweets which his daughter made. I was very fond of him although, yes, I would say he was an irascible character, but a loveable one.

YOUR NEXT STORY WAS 'PLANET OF GIANTS' WHERE YOU WERE CREDITED WITH DAWN ROBERTSON. THE LAST EPISODE SAW THE DEBUT OF DIRECTOR DOUGLAS CAMFIELD. DID HE SHOW SIGNS THEN OF BEING PARTICULARLY TALENTED ?
I remember Dawn joined then and I probably left a lot of it to her because she was trailing me.

I mainly worked with Mervyn Pinfield on that one but I think I would have preferred to have worked with Dougie Camfield because Mervyn Pinfield was rather pernickety and I didn't enjoy working with him very much. I was going to work with Dougie again a few years ago on Prisoner of Zenda and unfortunately he died of a heart attack just before he was due to start. That was sad and I was looking forward to working with him again.

YOU THEN MARRIED AND RETURNED TO THE SERIES AS VALERIE WILKINS FOR THE CONSECUTIVE STORIES, 'THE RESCUE' AND 'THE ROMANS', BOTH DIRECTED BY CHRISTOPHER BARRY.
I saw Christopher about a year ago at staff training where he was guest producer, although he's retired from the BBC now. I remember THE ROMANS but not the other one - it was quite spoofy and fun to do.

AFTER THAT YOU DIDN'T WORK ON THE SERIES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. WHY WAS THIS ?
Well, I married and I had three boys so I left, brought them up, and came back in 1979 - straight back to a DOCTOR WHO ! I stayed with DOCTOR WHO for a couple of years then.

WHAT WAS IT LIKE COMING BACK AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ? WAS THE METHOD OF PRODUCTION VERY MUCH DIFFERENT ?
Well, DOCTOR WHO was very different because it had got very technical - a lot of technology that I didn't understand - so it was a very good thing to come back because I learnt an awful lot. In fact we do things in DOCTOR WHO that you don't get involved with in other forms of television such as colour separation overlay (CSO), all the video effects, things like Quantel (which I hadn't heard of), so it was very interesting in that respect.

THE STORY YOU RETURNED IN - 'NIGHTMARE OF EDEN' - IS NOTED FOR ITS QUIRKINESS AND TOM BAKER APPEARING TO BE SENDING THE PROGRAMME UP AT THAT TIME.
Yes, I think he'd probably been doing it too long, although I must say Tom Baker is my favourite Doctor. I remember going filming with him for the story that wasn't actually broadcast (SHADA). That was a very good story and we had a wonderful week's filming in Cambridge and it looked really nice. It was very sad that wasn't completed.

IT'S SAD THAT JN-T DIDN'T TAKE UP THE OPTION OF COMPLETING IT FOR HIS FIRST STORY THE FOLLOWING SEASON WHICH YOU ALSO WORKED ON, 'THE LEISURE HIVE', WHICH SAW A DRASTIC CHANGE IN THE FEEL OF THE PROGRAMME. IT BECAME NOTICEABLY GLOSSIER WITH MORE ATTENTION PAID TO THE LOOK OF THE PRODUCTION. DID YOU NOTICE THIS CHANGE BETWEEN THE TWO SEASONS ?
Yes, I think John Nathan-Turner pulled it into shape because it had got rather silly. He got respect back for it that was being lost because it was a bit of a shambles.

FOR SEASON 18 YOU WERE A.F.M. ON NO LESS THAN FOUR OF THE STORIES: 'THE LEISURE HIVE', 'MEGLOS', 'WARRIORS' GATE' AND 'LOGOPOLIS' WHICH WAS, OF COURSE TOM'S LAST STORY. DID HE SEEM PARTICULARLY SAD THAT IT WAS FINALLY OVER ?
It seemed to be a mixture of both. I think he was relieved to be getting out because I think he felt he had been doing it for far too long, but all the same, and it's only an opinion, when Peter Davison was introduced I think Tom felt a pang of jealousy that he wasn't getting the publicity that Peter was getting, but I think he probably was relieved to be getting out. I think he had had enough.

DID YOU MIND WORKING ON 'DOCTOR WHO' SO MUCH THAT YEAR OR WOULD YOU HAVE LIKED TO HAVE WORKED ON SOME OTHER PROGRAMMES AS WELL ?
Well no because you get into the swing and a pattern and I always enjoyed it, it was always fun to do. It was always a challenge because you never knew if you could quite cope with it, and it suited me in the point of view of hours. I wasn't away from home a lot and I could fit it in with my home life so it was very convenient and I liked working as part of John's team; as I say I've always found him very supportive.

IT IS OFTEN SAID OF HIS TEAM THAT THERE'S A COSY WORKING ATMOSPHERE.
Yes, John always makes you welcome and appreciates you which is nice. Not all producers do that so it is very nice to feel that you are valued.

YOUR NEXT 'WHO WAS PETER DAVISON'S FIRST-RECORDED STORY, 'FOUR TO DOOMSDAY'. DID HE APPEAR CONFIDENT OF WHERE HE WANTED TO AIM THE CHARACTER OR WAS HE UNEASY AT FIRST ?
I felt he was uneasy. I don't think he ever felt comfortable in the role. He's a very nice person but that's how I felt.

HE WAS A FAR CRY FROM THE ORIGINAL DOCTOR. DO YOU THINK IT WAS A WISE MOVE TO TRY SOMEONE SO YOUNG ?
Yes, I think it was a good idea. I don't think it worked but it was a good idea. It could have worked but Tom had made the Doctor such a wonderful character and Tom has just got this magnetism about him and he was so good with children, and it is basically a children's series, isn't it ? Well, it was then, I don't think it is so much now, but he was a very hard act to follow. You couldn't top him so I should think it was very difficult for Peter and I don't think he ever found a level and he got out I suppose as soon as he could.

'BLACK ORCHID' WAS A SORT OF WHODUNNIT SET IN 1925. DID YOU DO A LOT OF RESEARCH INTO THAT PERIOD TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING WAS ACCURATE ?
Yes, I did strangely enough have to do quite a lot of research about this black tulip - because there is no such thing as a black tulip - and how a botonist would bring this black tulip back. I think it's my favourite one I've worked on recently. It looked very nice and we dressed it very well. We had the most awful week in Tunbridge Wells trying to reproduce a sort of 1920s garden party in November. We had some beautiful fine period glasses and they were just being blown off the tables and smashed and the food flying about and the poor actresses all in flimsy '20s dresses shivering and trying to keep warm and trying to look happy and gay !

'ENLIGHTENMENT' MUST HAVE BEEN GREAT FUN TO DO AS THAT WAS VERY COLOURFUL.
I was brought into that at the last minute because I took over from someone. I only had a week to get it ready and I never really got on top of that one. I remember we had the pop singer from Imagination, Leee John. He was a lovely man but I don't think he was very good in it, and of course Lynda Barron who was lovely, so it was fun. I don't think I did the first recording, just the second, so I never really counted that as mine.

YOU WERE THEN ABSENT THROUGHOUT COLIN BAKER'S STORIES AND ONLY RECENTLY RETURNED. WHY WAS THAT ?
I was just allocated to other programmes. Howards Way took up the whole of 1984 and in 1985 it was Strike it Rich and that was a whole year too, and that's how it goes.

SO YOU RETURNED RECENTLY FOR 'PARADISE TOWERS' WITH SYLVESTER McCOY. HOW DO YOU RATE HIM AS THE SEVENTH DOCTOR ?
I'm not sure about Sylvester. I think it's very difficult to come in and be DOCTOR WHO in your first or second story, unless you come in straight as a personality. It must be very difficult and he seems to me he's growing in confidence, so I'm waiting to see how he goes on the Dalek one before I make up my mind.

LAST SEASON WAS MUCH-CRITICISED FOR ITS ALMOST FLIPPANT STYLE OF PRODUCTION. DID YOU PERHAPS FEEL THAT IT WAS NOT BEING TAKEN AS SERIOUSLY AS YOUR PAST ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE SERIES ?
I think it's taken very seriously and a lot of hard work from the production team. Speaking for myself I don't understand a lot of DOCTOR WHO scripts because I'm not scientifically-minded. Unless you are I think you do find them a bit of a puzzle, but no, they are treated with great seriousness and everyone tries to make the best and get the best results they can.

ONE DESCRIPTION OF LAST SEASON WAS "A PANTO IN SPACE".
Well I tend not to watch them unless I'm involved with them as my children don't watch them these days because they're all grown up now.

Certainly the one I'm involved on at the moment - THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS - is very down to earth and there's certainly no pantomime about this !

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE WORKING ON YOUR FIRST DALEK STORY IN 25 YEARS ! IS IT A KIND OF AMBITION FULFILLED ?
Oh no, I think they're rather horrible ! I don't see the attraction of the Daleks but I hope children will take to them like they did in the early days. I don't know if they will today but this story has a lot of Daleks. It's a good story and a lot of hard work.

SO WHAT HAS YOUR JOB ENTAILED IN PREPARING FOR THIS STORY ?
The first thing was to read the scripts which we decided were far too long so we spent a lot of time with the scripts being altered before we could work because we have to have a working script before we can do anything. Someone called Lyn Grant, who has been put on to the programme and will be A.F.M. on the last story, is what's called 'trailing' me as she has never done a studio on her own so I'm leaving her to do all the things I would be doing and just keeping an eye on her and advising her when she needs it. So we've more or less been doing that together, and it's just a question of attending these meetings and then putting in the appropriate lists. At the moment we have an OB and I'm out and about helping the production manager set locations up and sort out the schedules.

WILL COAL HILL SCHOOL BE ON O.B.(OUTSIDE BROADCAST) ?
That's OB but the school interiors will be in the studio. It's a bit of a mix: we're doing a side-slab on OB because we have a lot of explosions in this one and a lot of gun fire. It's very exciting.

WILL THE DALEKS THEMSELVES BE ON O.B. BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS TEND TO LOOK MORE MENACING IN FAMILIAR OUTDOOR SETTINGS ?
Yes, the Daleks are on location and in the studio - in fact I think the Daleks are starring in this one !

WHEN DOES IT ALL GO INTO ACTION ?
We started the OB at Easter over nine days with one day off, then into rehearsal for nine days and then we have a three-day studio, so it all takes place from 28th March till the end of April.

HAVE YOU MET THE WRITER BEN AARONOVITCH ?
Yes, he's very much in evidence. He's around quite a lot which is very nice because we can ask him things about the script which we don't understand. I think you could say he does know a lot about DOCTOR WHO !

DO YOU REGRET NOT HAVING WORKED WITH PATRICK TROUGHTON, JON PERTWEE OR COLIN BAKER ?
Well, it would have been nice to have worked with them all as I worked with the first one which most people haven't, but it's nice to have a DOCTOR WHO and then go on to something completely different which I shall be doing after this, so it probably would have been a bit too much.

WHICH HAS BEEN YOUR FAVOURITE PERIOD OR STORY TO WORK ON ?
Well, BLACK ORCHID I would have to say. I'm not so keen on the scientific ones - I prefer the 'normal' ones. I quite enjoyed last year with the Rezzies, but BLACK ORCHID would be my favourite.

WHY DO YOU THINK 'DOCTOR WHO' HAS LASTED SO LONG ?
I don't know. I know it does have a very strong fan following but I don't understand what people see in it I'm afraid. It is beyond me. I know people do have an absoloute passion for it but I don't have that passion. I do find it hard to understand but there's no harm in it. *VAL McCRIMMON - THANKS*

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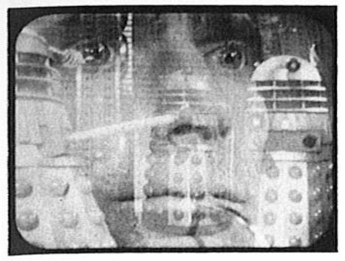


DALEK: *And a power plant?*

LESTERSON: Everything.

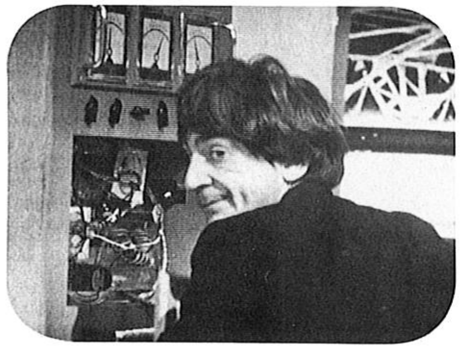
The other two Daleks emerge from the capsule, both disarmed:

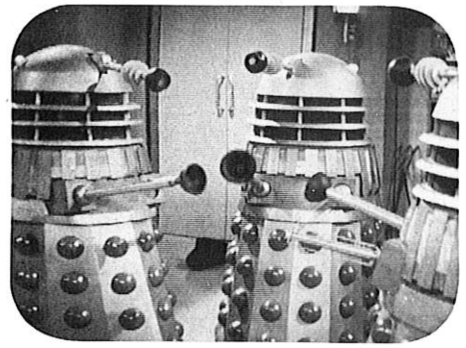
DALEK: *Then we will get our power . . .*

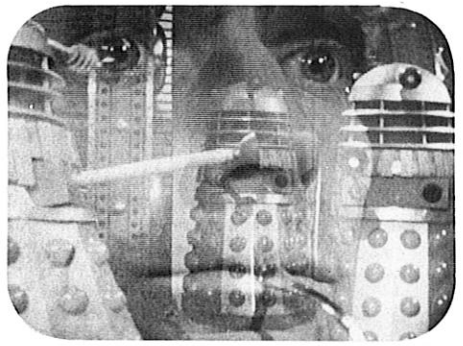
ALL DALEKS: *We will get out power! . . . We will get our power! . . . We will get out power!*

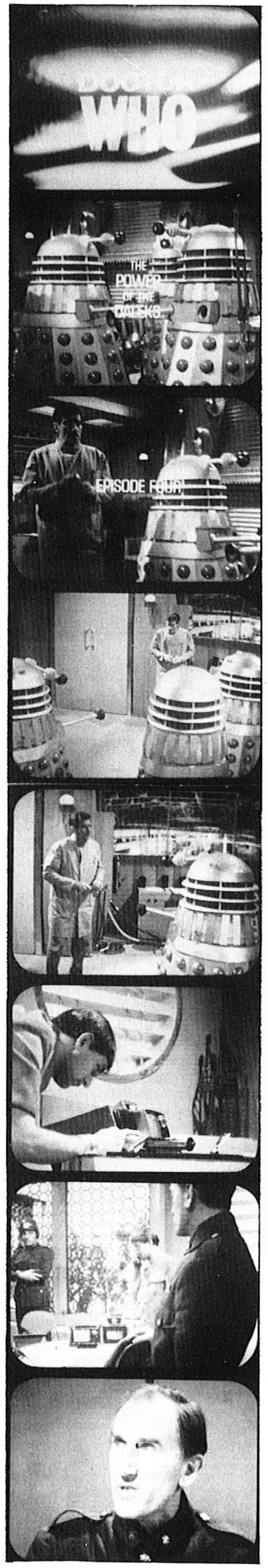
They all turn to face Lesterson chanting relentlessly, and for one moment he frowns. Disturbed at their single mindedness, a tiny doubt crosses his mind . . .

EPISODE THREE HIGHLIGHTS









Amid the commotion Lesterson turns the power supply dial from full to half causing the Daleks to falter:

Turn . . . back . . . the . . . power . . . supply . . .

LESTERSON: I will, I will. But I want you to remember that *I* control you.

DALEK: *We . . . are . . . your . . . servants.*

LESTERSON: I know. Remember it. I gave you each a special charge to bring you back to life. Any further power you need must come from this generator, and *I* control it. Is that clear?

DALEK: *We obey.*

LESTERSON: Very well.

He switches the generator back on to full power and two of the Daleks swiftly glide into the capsule.

LESTERSON: Where are they going?

DALEK: *To await your orders . . . master.*

LESTERSON: Good. Have you completed the blue-print on your new meteorite storm computer?

DALEK: *It is ready.*

The Dalek guides Lesterson to the workbench whereupon he eagerly picks up several sheets of slim metal.

LESTERSON: Marvellous. I'm glad we understand each other.

He switches on a desk lamp and starts examining the blueprints.

DALEK: *We understand the human mind.*

In Hensell's terrace Bragen sits behind the desk resplendent in his new uniform, watching impatiently as Valmar works on a square scanner communication set built in to the desk top:

Isn't that finished yet?

VALMAR: Nearly.

Valmar picks up the receiver:

This is Valmar. Test call please.

He replaces the receiver, it buzzes and he picks it up again:

I can hear you clearly. Good. Now try and get into connection with the interior and then the perimeter stations.

He turns to Bragen:

No troubles now . . .

BRAGEN: Good, and about time. This work should have been completed long before now.

VALMAR: I did the best I could!

BRAGEN: Well it isn't good enough!

VALMAR: Then get someone else, Bragen.

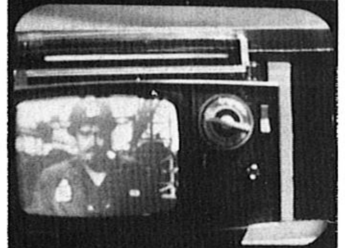
BRAGEN: Be careful . . . Remember, I'll be watching you in future after this . . . Now get out!

Valmar limps from the office as the Doctor and Ben burst in followed by a guard.

BRAGEN: What is the meaning of this intrusion?

GUARD: I'm sorry, Bragen. I tried to stop them.

DOCTOR: Intrusion? What intrusion? We're just returning your various calls.



This guard tried to tell us you were busy . . .

The Doctor starts to move around the office, studying everything in sight with his magnifying glass. Suddenly he looks at Bragen:

Oh, what a nice new uniform. Smart, very smart! I would like a hat like that!
BRAGEN: All right — what do you want?
BEN: A joker has kidnapped Polly and sent us this note. We want to know what you're doing to find her?
DOCTOR: Yes!
BRAGEN: Now that the communications are restored we can start a search.
BEN: Yeah, I can imagine what a job you'll make of that. Haven't you heard *anything* yet?
BRAGEN: The planet *is* a large one . . .

Just then a Dalek enters and it is a sight to behold: attached to its sucker stick is a tray upon which is a drink in a glass . . .

DOCTOR: So! You've been given the run of the colony have you?
DALEK: *We obey.*

Bragen takes the glass.

DALEK: *Do I bring liquid for your visitors?*
BRAGEN: No, they won't be staying much longer . . .
BEN: Look, Doctor, if this guy ain't going to help us we'd better search for Polly ourselves.
BRAGEN: Sound advice, "Doctor", why don't you?
DOCTOR: Ah, *Examiner!*

As they exit, the Doctor whispers to Ben:

I wonder how long they can keep moving around on these floors.
BEN: Eh?
DOCTOR: The floors — they're not metal.

They move out and Bragen answers a buzz from the scanner. Hensell appears on the screen:

Ah, there you are Bragen. Thank heavens the communications are working again. Well? Your report man. Hurry up. I've a very full schedule.
BRAGEN: There *is* nothing to report Governor.
HENSELL: The Examiner?
BRAGEN: I'm taking . . . good *care* of him.
HENSELL: Hm! Well, you know my orders.
BRAGEN: Yes Sir.
HENSELL: You can reach me here if you have to. That's all!
BRAGEN: One moment, Governor. When are you coming back?
HENSELL: Not for a day or two yet. You can manage can't you?
BRAGEN: Yes, of course.

The picture fades and Bragen looks up slightly startled to see a Dalek in front of the desk:

What do you want?
DALEK: *Have you finished your liquid?*
BRAGEN: No. No I haven't!!

Bragen watches it glide away, wondering why he is suddenly frightened . . .

In a nearby corridor Janley is pinning a notice on to a board as a man named Kebble walks up to her. The Doctor and Ben hear their hushed voices as they approach a corner and stop to listen:

JANLEY: Better check the agenda.
KEBBLE: I'll do it now.

Janley leaves as Kebble scans the board. The Doctor starts to theorise with a big magnet:

Static — they'd need a constant supply of static or some sort of electric field.
BEN: Doctor!

As they peer around the corner Kebble moves away from the board. Just then three Daleks glide smoothly down the corridor.

DOCTOR: Insanity!
BEN: Eh?

DOCTOR: Letting the Daleks move around like this . . .
BEN: Hey, Bragen had a Dalek acting as a servant and we've just left him!
DOCTOR: One Dalek in Bragen's office — three Daleks have just gone past. That makes *four!*
BEN: Then where did the fourth one come from?
DOCTOR: Lesterson couldn't have *made* it . . . perhaps there were more than we thought in the capsule?
BEN: We must go and see Lesterson, show him that note. Maybe he knows where Polly is, or that woman, what's her name . . . Janley?

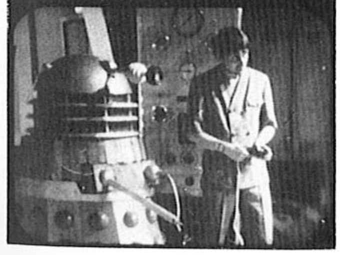
The Doctor walks suspiciously up to the notice board:

I wonder what the fascination of this notice board is?
BEN: Looks pretty normal to me . . . Come on, Doctor. Let's go and see Lesterson. We've got to find Polly! Come on!

The Doctor takes a final look at the board and moves off after Ben. Glancing back he sees another man starting to take notes from the board. Sensing that he is being observed the man casually folds his papers and puts them in his pocket.

In the laboratory Lesterson is showing Janley a sheet of paper . . .

LESTERSON: The Daleks. They've made up a new list of materials they need.
JANLEY: Let me see . . . We've got all these things. They've rebuilt the satellite computer for us.
LESTERSON: I know that.
JANLEY: They need material to work with.
LESTERSON: But why these quantities, Janley? *Why?* How can they have used up all the materials I gave them? What is it? Good heavens, little more than a few hours ago . . .
JANLEY: They're building new things for us.
LESTERSON: I don't want them to do anything without consulting *me.* What do they do in there?
JANLEY: You're worrying too much.
LESTERSON: Look, Janley, say what you like, but I'm beginning to believe the Examiner was right about the Daleks. Their original thinking frightens me. If we can control them, fine. But if not . . .
JANLEY: Yes?
LESTERSON: Then I'll have them destroyed. It's too dangerous. The Examiner knows something about them that we don't. I'm going to ask his advice.
JANLEY: I wouldn't bring the Examiner into it if I were you.
LESTERSON: Why not?
JANLEY: You want him to find out about Resno?
LESTERSON: A little accident . . . How is he? Better?
JANLEY: He's dead.
LESTERSON: What are you talking about? You said he was . . .
JANLEY: You were busy with the experiment on the Daleks.
LESTERSON: But you should have told me. The body, it will have to be reported . . .
JANLEY: Don't worry. No-one'll find the body.
LESTERSON: You've done a terrible thing Janley.
JANLEY: The Daleks may have killed Resno, but you were to blame . . .
LESTERSON: No, I wasn't . . .
JANLEY: You took precautions, did you? You knew the Dalek was harmless? No, you made a mistake. I covered it up.
LESTERSON: Why did you do that?
JANLEY: The experiments on the Daleks are more important.
LESTERSON: More important than human life? No, no, I won't accept that.



JANLEY: You will. You must. Your carelessness was to blame for Resno's death. You murdered him. It's only your word against mine.
LESTERSON: I won't be blackmailed by you. All I want you to do is go on as you are . . .

Just then the Doctor and Ben enter the laboratory.

LESTERSON: I told the guard no-one was to be admitted.
DOCTOR: Accord every access . . . Remember?
BEN: We're looking for Polly.
LESTERSON: Well she isn't *here!* And I haven't seen her.
BEN: She's been kidnapped.
LESTERSON: That sounds pretty unlikely.
BEN: It does doesn't it? Well we got an anonymous note telling us.
LESTERSON: I'm very sorry but I don't know anything about it.
DOCTOR: Lesterson?
LESTERSON: Yes?
DOCTOR: You haven't been building any Daleks have you?
LESTERSON: Built any? No. I wouldn't know where to begin.
DOCTOR: And there were only three in the capsule?
LESTERSON: Yes . . .
DOCTOR: Well we've just seen four. One in the Governor's office and three in the corridor!
LESTERSON: Impossible!
DOCTOR: There's only one explanation. The Daleks are reproducing themselves!

Janley laughs as Lesterson picks up the sheet of paper he showed her earlier.

JANLEY: These things are just machines. How could they reproduce?
DOCTOR: Machines? What makes you think they're just machines? Nothing is beyond them, given the right materials.
LESTERSON: *What!*
DOCTOR: I said nothing is beyond them given the right materials. Lesterson? Are you all right?

Lesterson crushes the paper and covers his face with his hands. The Doctor puts a hand on Lesterson's shoulder as he sits on a stool and rocks to and fro, shocked at the realisation of what he may have done.

JANLEY: Leave him alone, he's just been over-working that's all.
BEN: He looks bad.
JANLEY: Will you both go away. It's all your fault, badgering him with questions. You've been hounding him ever since you landed on Vulcan.

She calls out and a guard appears:

Bragen's orders were that no-one was to be admitted:
GUARD: Yes, but I thought the Examiner . . .
JANLEY: He's attacked Lesterson. Get the Examiner out of here!

The guard hustles the Doctor and Ben to the door and Janley crosses to the communications receiver:

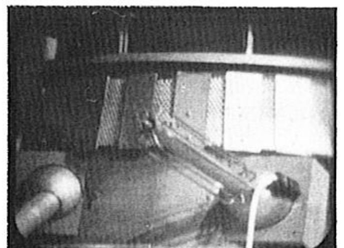
Tell Valmar to come over to the lab right away.

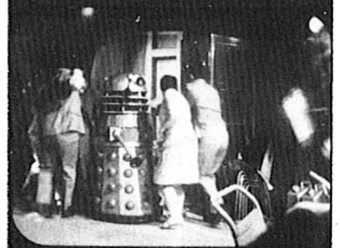
Turning to Lesterson, face still in his hands, she helps him off the stool and guides him to a couch on which she lies him down:

Come on, rest here for a bit. You've been doing far too much. Relax . . .

Unprotestingly he swallows a drink Janley is holding to his mouth which she has prepared with water and powder from a small ampoule. He lies back on the couch in a haze as Valmar enters the room.

JANLEY: I've given him a mild sleeping draught.
VALMAR: What's the matter with him?
JANLEY: Overwork, I suppose. He suddenly broke up. Anyway, it'll give you a chance to lay in the new power cable the Daleks have asked for.





VALMAR: You don't miss a trick, do you.

Janley crosses to the capsule and calls out:

We're going to lay the new cable you wanted.

As if from nowhere a Dalek suddenly appears at the entrance:

Good.
VALMAR: You sure this is okay Janley?
JANLEY: Of course. We help them. They help us.
DALEK: *Yes. We are your servants.*
JANLEY: And don't take too long, Valmar. You saw the notice, did you?
VALMAR: I saw it.

He disappears with the cable into the capsule . . .

Back at the notice board the Doctor is examining it inquisitively and taking notes.

BEN: We're still no nearer finding Polly. What are we hanging around here for?
DOCTOR: Look! I've found a message in code. It's an anagram, just take the capital letters. Work it out for yourself.
BEN: I'm no good at crosswords.
DOCTOR: Meeting tonight at 2200 hours, R-O-C-K-E-T – Rocket, R-O-O-M – Room, P, Rocket Room P! It's the rebels' way of calling a meeting and we'll be there, early!
BEN: Yeah, maybe we're nearer to finding Pol than we thought?

Later that night the Doctor and Ben take up their hiding positions in the Rocket Room and watch intently as the rebels assemble. Behind Valmar comes a Dalek and Janley carrying a small case. She opens it revealing a Dalek gun which Valmar fits to the Dalek. Everyone gathers intrigued around a large table as a man enters and sits at the head of it obscured by shadows.

JANLEY: We're going to demonstrate something. You section leaders can pass on what you see. So far, we've been concerned only with testing the strength of the Governor with two acts of sabotage, but now, we're ready to take over.
KEBBLE: What's that thing? I've seen them moving about, but all we've been told is it's a machine Lesterson discovered.
JANLEY: Valmar?
VALMAR: Lesterson removed the armaments of the Daleks he discovered. I've re-armed this one, but with a controlling device. We can regulate the firepower and turn it off and on whenever we choose.
JANLEY: Shall we have the demonstration now?

The man at the head of the table lifts his hand in consent.

BEN: That's the fella we want. He must be the boss of this outfit.
DOCTOR: Ssssh . . .

Absent-mindedly and deep in thought the Doctor takes the recorder from his pocket and puts it to his mouth. Ben gives a look of horror and stops him just in time and the Doctor innocently repockets it.

Meanwhile Janley is adjusting a screen on its stand:

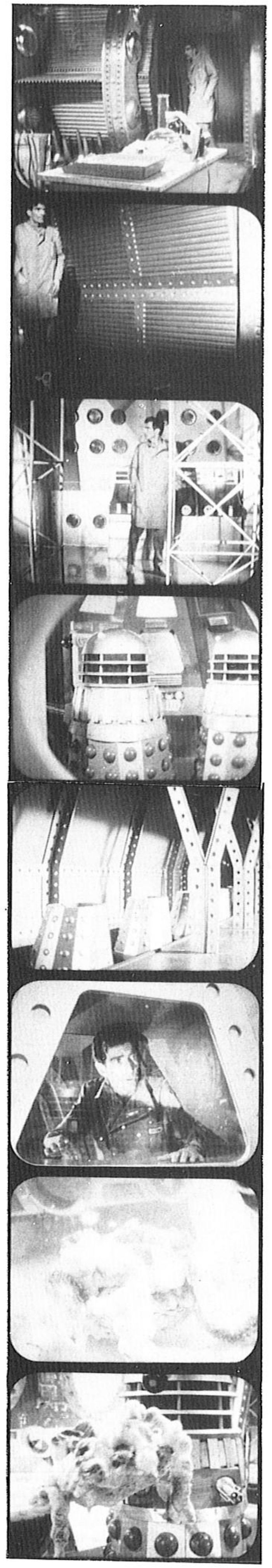
This screen is two inch tungsten steel. All right Valmar.
VALMAR: Fire at the screen.

Valmar presses a control switch he is holding and taps the Dalek's dome at the same time. The screen explodes and everyone around the table — except the man in the shadows—stand up in alarm.

KEBBLE: You can't control a thing like that. It'll turn on us!
JANLEY: No it won't!
KEBBLE: I wouldn't tell any of my group to go anywhere near it.

The crowd murmur in agreement.

VALMAR: I *can* control it.



KEBBLE: Prove it. You daren't! I'm not talking about that thing firing at walls or bits of metal or anything. I mean *people*. Have you tried testing whether you can stop it killing people. *Our* people?

VALMAR: Look, I can show you what I've done here . . .

KEBBLE: Forget it. How do you know the Dalek can tell the difference between the Governor's people and *our* people?

VALMAR: I know the difference you fool. *And I control it.*

KEBBLE: We want something better than words.

Janley steps in front of the screen:

Test it on me. Will that satisfy you, Kebble?

KEBBLE: Well yes, but . . .

BEN: She's out of her mind!

The Dalek raises its eye-stick on Janley as Valmar consults the man in the shadows:

Is it all right?

The man's hand wavers slightly as he makes his decision. At last he raises it unwillingly before the nervous Valmar:

When I tell you to fire . . .

DALEK: *I am your servant.*

Valmar places his hand on top of the Dalek and taps its dome, at the same time clicking a switch on his control device for all to see. Nothing happens. The rebels crowd around Valmar congratulating him.

JANLEY: Get back to your places.

KEBBLE: Are you all right?

JANLEY: Of course! I do not take needless risks.

VALMAR: Well done, Janley.

JANLEY: You haven't disarmed the Dalek! Go on. Take his gun away. We want no accidents. Isn't it enough I trusted you, Valmar?

Valmar smiles at her slightly as she turns to Kebble.

JANLEY: What about the girl?

KEBBLE: We've got her safely locked up. Never fear.

BEN: Hear that? Maybe they'll say where she is.

Moving forward to get a better look, Ben's arm catches a loose box which crashes to the ground. Everyone looks around at the direction of the noise.

JANLEY: Who's there?

BEN: They'll find us. You stay here — find out where Polly is. I'll make a run for it and distract them.

DOCTOR: *Ben. No!*

The Doctor attempts to restrain him but Ben leaps out of the hiding place and runs for the door. Janley steps in front of the Dalek as it trains its gun on him.

JANLEY: *No. Kebble!*

Kebble intercepts Ben as he reaches the door and strikes him unconscious to the floor.

JANLEY: The guards will have heard that. Quick, we must clear out of here.

The rebels pile out of the room in confusion. Janley points to Ben:

Take him with you. Lock him up.

KEBBLE: Right.

They too leave and the Doctor is left in the room with the mysterious man and the Dalek who turns and heads towards his hiding place. The man's voice is familiar:

You might as well come out. We know you're there.

The Doctor emerges and faces Bragen:

It's *you!*

BRAGEN: Of course! Who else is fitted to be the leader of the rebels?

The Dalek is pacing back and forth impatiently, waiting for its opportunity to destroy its arch-enemy.

DOCTOR: And you hope to be the leader of the Daleks too no doubt?

BRAGEN: I *am* the leader of the Daleks.

The Doctor laughs and the Daleks raises its gun . . .

DOCTOR: Then see if you can stop this one from killing me . . .

Just in time Bragen orders the Dalek:

Stop. Turn away. You heard me. That is an order. Fetch the guards.

For a moment the Dalek seems ready for a contest of wills, then its gun-stick droops and it turns away.

DALEK: *I . . . obey.*

It glides to the door.

DOCTOR: You think you have it both ways don't you, Bragen? But how will you look in front of the Governor when I explain your dual role to *him?*

BRAGEN: The Governor will hardly listen to an imposter.

DOCTOR: Imposter? How do you hope to prove that?

BRAGEN: My guards are now going to produce the body of the *real* Examiner from the mercury swamp.

DOCTOR: The one *you* murdered.

BRAGEN: The one you pretended to be.

DOCTOR: Murder's a far worse crime than impersonation.

BRAGEN: Yes, but you can't prove I'm a murderer while I can prove you're an imposter.

The Dalek returns with two guards followed by Janley.

BRAGEN: Take this man and detain him.

The Doctor is marched away.

JANLEY: A dangerous man.

BRAGEN: Now, the only one left is the Governor.

JANLEY: Perhaps we should have dealt with the Examiner earlier . . .

BRAGEN: It doesn't matter, I will deal with him in time. And Quinn . . .

Quinn looks up as the Doctor is escorted into an adjoining cell. The Doctor observes the locking mechanism which the guard operates with a small box emitting highpitched soundwaves.

QUINN: You're the last man I expected to see here.

DOCTOR: Works by sound does it?

As the guard leaves the Doctor examines the lock intensively.

QUINN: I'm speaking to you, Examiner. If you'd listened to me before we wouldn't be locked up here now.

DOCTOR: What? Oh sorry, your imprisonment hasn't been entirely wasted. It's brought your enemy out into the open . . .

QUINN: Bragen? I knew that all along . . .

DOCTOR: Did you know he was the leader of the rebels?

QUINN: Bragen? The leader?

DOCTOR: Yes . . . Quite a common type of lock in fact . . .

QUINN: Hensell's trouble is he thinks he can carry this colony along on his personality alone.

The Doctor starts piling an assortment of articles from his pockets on the bed.

DOCTOR: Even if he knew the danger, could he do anything? The rebels are well organised.

QUINN: The Governor's popular. He can count on the mine workers on the perimeter for support.

DOCTOR: Then in that case we must get word to him.

QUINN: If you'd done your job properly, Examiner, you wouldn't be here, and I'd be out by now.

DOCTOR: Maybe, but then, I'm not the real Examiner.

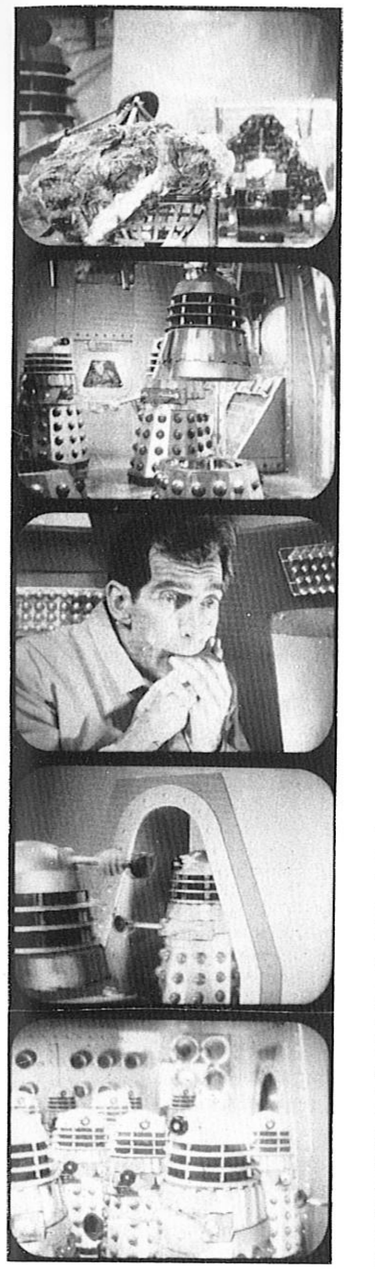
Quinn looks bewildered.

DOCTOR: Ben, Polly and I . . . we're just travellers, that's all. I found the Examiner dead — Bragen murdered him.

QUINN: *Everything* leads back to Bragen. Just give me a chance to get my hands on him.

DOCTOR: The chance may never come unless we can contact the Governor.

QUINN: There's just a little matter of the cell doors . . .



Lesterson stirs restlessly and wakes from his deep sleep. He rises and walks hazily to his workbench, wets his handkerchief and bathes his dazed head. He hears movement by the capsule nearby and positioning himself out of sight he sees a Dalek at the capsule's doorway instructing another Dalek which has just glided into the room.

DALEK 2: *You sent for me.*

DALEK 1: *Take up a position at the Communications Room, watch and report.*

DALEK 2: *I obey.*

LESTERSON: They're conspiring with each other. Why didn't I realise? The Doctor was right! They *are* evil . . .

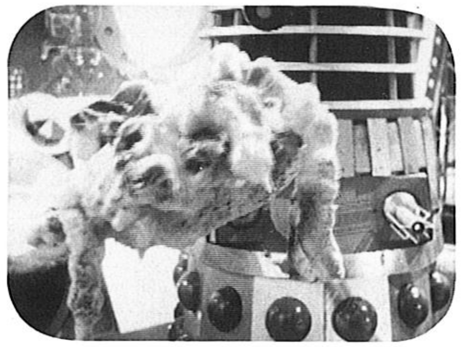
Two more Daleks emerge from the capsule and join the other one leaving the laboratory.

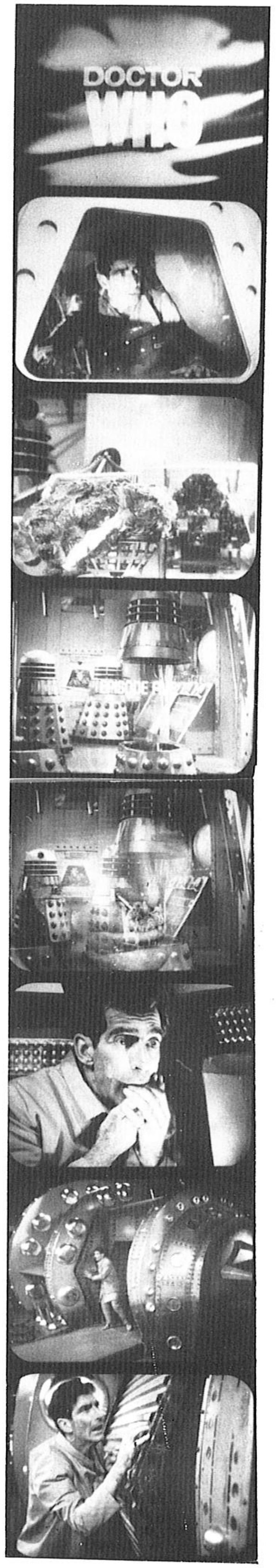
LESTERSON: There *are* four! They *can't* be reproducing!

Lesterson moves to the capsule and asserting himself he slips inside. He moves down the right hand side of the ship, surprised at the restrictive head space which forces him to edge along with his body bent forward. A lighted tunnel ahead arouses his curiosity and he follows it along as it dips downwards and bends around.

Eventually he reaches the end of the tunnel which is lit in semi-darkness. Peering out into the chamber ahead, his eyes dilate in horror as an incredible sight greets his eyes: Daleks stand at banks of flashing instruments, their sucker sticks propelling towards various buttons. A conveyor belt is moving through an archway as the noise from a dozen engines start to rev up. The bottom half of a Dalek casing suddenly appears through the darkness of the arch, and behind it are countless more. As it passes a pair of pillars, steam jets out and engulfs it. It passes a second set of pillars and it is sprayed with founts of liquid. Lesterson watches disbelievingly as a Dalek scoops up a seething green mass from an enormous glass globe and deposits it into the empty casing. He looks up to see the top half of a Dalek casing being positioned into place completing the process. It rolls off the line and the procedure is repeated. Lesterson's worst fears are confirmed . . .

EPISODE FOUR
HIGHLIGHTS





As the 'manufactured' Daleks roll off the conveyor belt, they are greeted by the existing Daleks:

WELCOME TO THE NEW RACE OF DALEKS.

Gripped with terror, Lesterson stumbles back along the low arched passage until he reaches the entrance of the capsule. staggering over to a large cabinet in the laboratory he shoves it until it is covering the entrance when Janley enters, instantly noticing the shock on Lesterson's face:

What's the matter? What is it?

Lesterson stares at her trembling and tries to speak.

JANLEY: Are you ill? You've been doing too much.

At last he gibbers uncontrollably:

They're in there . . . making themselves . . . duplicating . . .

JANLEY: What are you talking about?

Lesterson moves to his generator panel:

I started this, opening the capsule . . .

Frantically he pulls down a lever and begins turning off dials and flicking at switches. Janley pulls at his arm but Lesterson shakes her free and continues:

Don't try and stop me!

Gradually the lights on the panel flicker and die and the vibrating hum whirrs into silence.

JANLEY: What's happened?

LESTERSON: They forgot that *I* control them. I gave them life back again, and now I've taken it away. Stopped them! Finished them!

JANLEY: The Daleks . . .

LESTERSON: Evil, horrible! I know what I'm going to do . . . laser torches . . . I'll have them melted down. Melt the Daleks away to pools of metal . . .

By now Janley has decided the scientist is completely delirious:

No you won't Lesterson.

LESTERSON: Do you think I care what you can do? Go on, tell everybody I was responsible for the death of Resno. I don't care. I'm going to wipe out the Daleks . . .

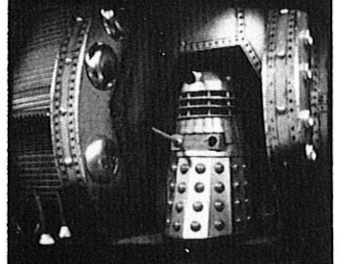
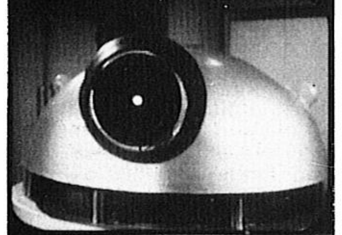
Janley rushes from the lab.

. . . Yes, go and tell them all about Resno. I'm still going to destroy the Daleks!

As the door bangs shut, Lesterson lifts the inter communications receiver:

Get me the Examiner . . . Prison? Who put him there? . . . But I've got to talk to him. I've *got* to, don't you understand me!!

Lesterson stares helplessly into the

receiver as it goes dead. Behind him he is unaware that the cabinet blocking the capsule has edged open and one of the unarmed Daleks is slowly approaching him.

LESTERSON: The Governor, got to tell him. Melt them down, that's what we'll do.

Sensing something behind him Lesterson spins around, madness fingering at the edge of reason:

How did you get here? I cut off the power.

DALEK: *We can store power — we will soon have our own.*

LESTERSON: Own power?

DALEK: *Why was the capsule door closed?*

Without answering he runs blindly out of the laboratory as another unarmed Dalek glides out of the capsule.

DALEK 1: *Seal off the capsule's secret entrance.*

DALEK 2: *I obey.*

The second Dalek moves back to the capsule as the other Dalek glides to the laboratory door, then pauses:

Wait!

The second Dalek waits at the capsule's entrance.

DALEK 1: *No more than three Daleks to be seen together at any one time.*

DALEK 2: *I obey.*

DALEK 1: *We are not ready yet to teach these human beings the Law of the Daleks.*

Running blindly along the corridors, Lesterson spots a guard ahead:

Here! You can help me . . .

1st GUARD: What's the matter?

LESTERSON: Where's the Examiner?

1st GUARD: The Examiner's in prison.

LESTERSON: Of course, of course, I forgot.

1st GUARD: What's the matter with you? What are you running for?

Lesterson turns and hurries back the way he came. The guard suspects something is seriously wrong and chases after him.

Janley bundles Polly into the laboratory as Kebble keeps watch at the door. The bound and gagged girl watches helplessly as a Dalek approaches from the capsule.

JANLEY: Did Lesterson come back?

DALEK: *No.*

The Dalek looks at Polly:

Why is this human restricted?

JANLEY: She is against the Daleks.

She removes the gag from Polly's mouth, while Kebble removes the cord around her wrists and offers her some water.

JANLEY: Not afraid, are you? Nothing's going to happen to you if you behave.

Polly accepts the drink:

Of the Daleks? Of course I am — and so should you be.

JANLEY: The Daleks are going to help us.

POLLY: 'Us' being the rebels, I suppose.

JANLEY: If you like.

POLLY: And when you've won, the Daleks just go back to being servants again? You're bigger fools than I thought.

DALEK: *We are your servants.*

POLLY: While it suits you.

JANLEY: You'll see.

KEBBLE: In!

He forces Polly towards the capsule:

Want me to stay with her?

JANLEY: Yes, you may have to help Valmar. He'll be along soon to finish off the work on the Daleks' power cable.

DALEK: *When will the work be completed?*

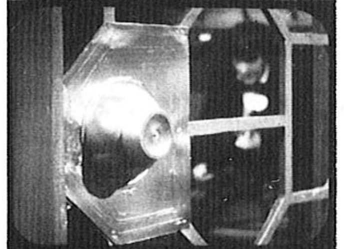
Kebble and Polly disappear inside the capsule.

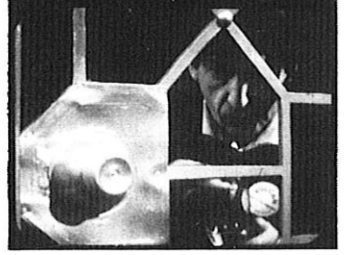
JANLEY: What is this cable you Daleks are laying, anyway?

DALEK: *Daleks operate on static electricity.*

JANLEY: Static! Is that possible?

DALEK: *To create static, the Daleks need a complete cable circuit.*





JANLEY: I see. You convert our electricity into your own power.

DALEK: *That is correct. When will the human being complete the work?*

JANLEY: He will be here. It's easier now. There is no-one to interfere with your plans.

In the cells Quinn is becoming irritated with the Doctor who is striking high-pitched chimes on a piece of glass.

QUINN: Do you have to do that? I'm afraid you'll find these locks are foolproof.

DOCTOR: I wonder *how* they're converting the power?

QUINN: What are you talking about now?

DOCTOR: The Daleks are powered by static electricity. It's like the blood in your veins, a constant life-stream.

QUINN: Static isn't workable!

DOCTOR: It is to the Daleks. They've conquered static, just as they've conquered anti-magnetics.

QUINN: I can't listen to your nonsense.

The Doctor returns to his glass:

I just can't seem to hit the right note . . .

Looking around he smiles enthusiastically as he notices a water jug and a drinking glass by his bed. He leaps to the jug and fills the glass until the jug is empty. He strikes the glass, nods thoughtfully and takes a sip from it. He pings the glass again as he repeats the procedure, while Quinn looks on disbelievingly.

DOCTOR: Do you have any water?

QUINN: I hope not . . . No.

DOCTOR: Then I shall have to get some.

The Doctor looks up at the approaching arguing voices as Lesterson appears, struggling with a guard.

2nd GUARD: You can't . . .

LESTERSON: It's important, desperately important . . .

2nd GUARD: Bragen gave orders . . .

LESTERSON: Get out of my way!

He pushes the guard violently away:

Examiner . . . The Daleks . . .

The second guard recovers and grabs Lesterson as the guard who was chasing him appears.

LESTERSON: They're duplicating . . . I've seen them . . .

They start dragging Lesterson away:

They've got their own power, I can't stop them . . .

A third guard arrives and instructs his colleagues:

Take him to Bragen . . .

The two guards march Lesterson away.

DOCTOR: I say . . . do you think we might have a little more water?

The guard nods and goes to fetch some.

QUINN: Is that *all* you can say? Lesterson fights his way down here to speak to you and all you can do . . . *is ask for more water!*

The guard returns with the water as the disgusted Quinn throws himself down on his bed. The guard holds his operating sound-box in front of the door:

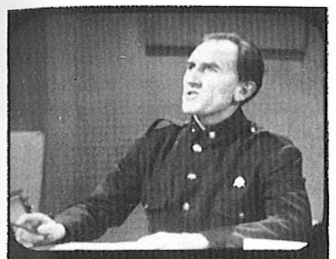
Get away from the door and against the far wall.

The Doctor obeys and the guard operates the sound mechanism. The Doctor secretly produces the recorder from his pocket and quietly tries to reproduce the note on the instrument. The guard leaves and the Doctor adds more water to the glass. He wets his forefinger and runs it around the rim, pouring more water as the glass emits varying pitches of vibration. Quinn suddenly realises what the Doctor is trying to do:

Sorry about that outburst.

The Doctor holds up his hand for quiet and adds a drop more water, striking the glass once again. He watches the door nervously:

Nearly . . . nearly . . .



A Dalek is gently laying an endless cable into position in a corner of Hensell's terrace as Bragen works absorbedly at his desk. The two guards enter with Lesterson, blood dripping from a wound on his head. Bragen looks up sharply:

What's this?!

1st GUARD: He tried to break in to talk to the Examiner.

Lesterson notices the Dalek:

What's the Dalek doing?

BRAGEN: I thought you knew. Something to do with the emergency power supply.

LESTERSON: It's a trick! I didn't ask for it.

BRAGEN: Lesterson, I've had reports . . .

Lesterson moves to the Dalek:

What are you doing?

The Dalek turns to Lesterson:

Laying the new emergency power supply as you ordered, master.

LESTERSON: It's a lie!

BRAGEN: I have reports of your incomprehensible behaviour.

LESTERSON: I can explain everything. If you get rid of . . . *that!*

Bragen instructs the Dalek:

Finish now.

DALEK: *I am your servant.*

The Dalek glides from the room.

LESTERSON: Where's the Governor?

BRAGEN: At the perimeter. Why?

LESTERSON: Call him. Get him back here as quickly as possible! We're all in terrible danger. The Examiner was right. Right all the time.

Suddenly Janley enters the room.

LESTERSON: Don't let her interfere, Bragen. She's in league with the Daleks.

JANLEY: That isn't any way to talk. Just take everything calmly, Lesterson, you're not well.

Bragen nods to a guard who pulls a chair forward for Lesterson.

LESTERSON: I'm perfetly well . . .

JANLEY: Now, please, Lesterson. You really ought to be in hospital. You promised you'd report in there.

LESTERSON: I promised nothing of the kind!

JANLEY: Surely you remember . . . Oh, well, never mind. I understand.

BRAGEN: Pity — it's probably only temporary.

LESTERSON: You're trying to say I'm mad . . .

JANLEY: No, of course not . . .

BRAGEN: No, not mad.

LESTERSON: I tell you, I saw those Daleks. They were reproducing! I saw it! I swear to you . . . *I saw them* . . .

JANLEY: He suddenly started saying these things in the lab I'm afraid.

LESTERSON: NO! NO! NO!

As Bragen hoped, Lesterson becomes delirious again. He turns to his guards:

See that he's kept under restraint.

By now the scientist is in mental agony as he cries helplessly under the guards' hold:

Will nobody listen to me . . .

In one of the tiny inner compartments just inside the capsule Polly watches as Valmar busily connects cables and pushes various section points into a grey square box. His actions are being monitored by a Dalek.

VALMAR: Pass me that small screwdriver.

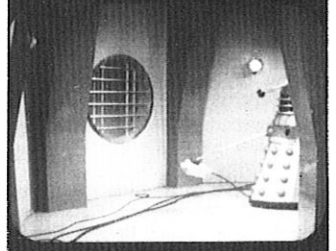
POLLY: I can't — my hands are tied, and anyway I wouldn't if I could.

VALMAR: All right.

Valmar rummages in his tool box as Kebble squeezes into the compartment laiden with more cables. The Dalek leaves them to their work.

VALMAR: More? I can't handle them.

KEBBLE: This is the lot.



POLLY: Listen . . . the Dalek's gone now.

KEBBLE: That doesn't mean you can start talking.

VALMAR: Oh, leave her alone, Kebble. She isn't doing any harm.

POLLY: You think you're very tough don't you, pushing around a girl. I'd like to see you come up against a *real* man.

KEBBLE: Like who?

POLLY: Like Ben, for one.

KEBBLE: Don't worry about him. We've got him safely stowed away.

POLLY: You've got Ben?

KEBBLE: He's just sleeping off a slight fall.

VALMAR: I told you to leave her alone.

POLLY: Your name's Valmar, isn't it?

VALMAR: That's it.

POLLY: You want the Daleks to fight the Governor. But don't you see — they'll turn on you, too.

KEBBLE: What? Three pepper pots?!

VALMAR: One of them did kill Resno and you saw what the Dalek did to that sheet of metal.

POLLY: And that's just the beginning.

KEBBLE: Don't listen to her. She's feeding you the Examiner's line.

POLLY: He isn't the Examiner. We were just travellers . . . landed here by accident. The Doctor, that's the man you think is the Examiner, found the real Examiner dead and picked up his papers.

Kebble laughs disbelievingly.

VALMAR: This Doctor of yours. He knows something about the Daleks?

POLLY: He's tried to warn everyone. That's the only reason we stayed here.

Suddenly she looks up as the Dalek returns and looks into the compartment:

When will the work be completed?

VALMAR: I don't know. I'll need a new junction box like this one.

The Dalek trundles away.

POLLY: You've all under-estimated these Daleks.

KEBBLE: Better brains than us, I suppose.

POLLY: I only know what the Doctor has told me — he says they are capable of exterminating whole nations.

VALMAR: Perhaps, but what would they want to kill us for . . . after we've taken over. We're friendly with the Daleks.

POLLY: Don't you see, human beings *can't* be friends with Daleks. They don't have friends.

VALMAR: I don't see why not.

POLLY: It's a kind of hatred for anything unlike themselves. They think they're superior.

VALMAR: The girl's got something.

KEBBLE: Are you going to tell Janley? You're welcome!

POLLY: Janley! She'll betray the lot of you, if she gets the chance.

The Dalek reappears briefly:

The other junction box is outside.

VALMAR: Thank you.

Valmar resumes his work as Kebble smiles at Polly smugly:

Talk too much, don't you? Didn't you know he's soft on Janley?

A Dalek moves slowly down a corridor with a cable draped over its sucker-stick. Hearing voices ahead it turns back and moves out of sight around the end of the corridor.

HENSELL: What are all these cables lying about?

1st GUARD: New emergency power supply.

HENSELL: Oh, And who's idea was *that?*

1st GUARD: What do you want to know for?

HENSELL: What do I . . ! Don't you know I'm the Governor?!

The guard promptly stands upright.

HENSELL: Where are you from?

1st GUARD: The interior, sir.

HENSELL: Then why are you carrying a machine gun?

GUARD: I'm a Squad Leader in Bragen's guard sir.

HENSELL: I see, Bragen's guard eh? Right, carry on.

White with rage, Hensell marches furiously off in the direction of his office.

As the guard clicks open the door of the cell housing Quinn, the Doctor innocently picks up his glass of water, suddenly spins around and throws it at the guard's face. As he staggers back in surprise, Quinn takes his chance and knocks him to the floor. The Doctor rushes in, confiscates the sound-box and hands it to Quinn. He prepares to operate the device but the Doctor hesitates and rushes back into the cell:

Wait a minute . . .

He comes back out with the jug of water as Quinn watches frustratedly.

DOCTOR: We don't want him trying it, although he looks a bit tone deaf to me!

Quinn hauls the Doctor out of the way and activates the lock.

Hensell walks on to the terrace deciding on a diplomatic approach. He seethes to himself on seeing Bragen firmly entrenched in his seat, not even looking up from his papers to acknowledge his presence:

HENSELL: These trips grow more and more demanding.

BRAGEN: I didn't expect you, Governor.

HENSELL: Had all I could stand. Well? What has been happening here?

BRAGEN: One moment.

He continues with his papers.

HENSELL: I asked you a question man.

BRAGEN: I heard you.

HENSELL: Your work can wait. You can hand over to me tomorrow. I want to hear about the Examiner.

Bragen signs his name on a paper and at last sits back and looks up:

The Examiner is at present in prison.

HENSELL: In prison? That's rather dangerous isn't it. Who put him there?

BRAGEN: I did.

HENSELL: You did? For heaven's sake, *why?*

BRAGEN: He's an imposter, Governor, possibly a murderer as well. We have found the body of the real Examiner in the mercury swamp.

HENSELL: I hope you're sure of your facts, Bragen?

BRAGEN: Quite sure.

HENSELL: This could have far-reaching consequences.

BRAGEN: As far as I am concerned, the matter is closed. Now, if there is nothing further . . .

HENSELL: *Nothing further!* Who the devil do you think you're talking to! And stand up when you're speaking to me man!

BRAGEN: I prefer to remain seated.

HENSELL: Do you! We'll see about that. *Guards!*

Two guards enter and stand to attention.

HENSELL: Take this man out of my office.

The guards do not move.

HENSELL: Did you hear me? That is an order!

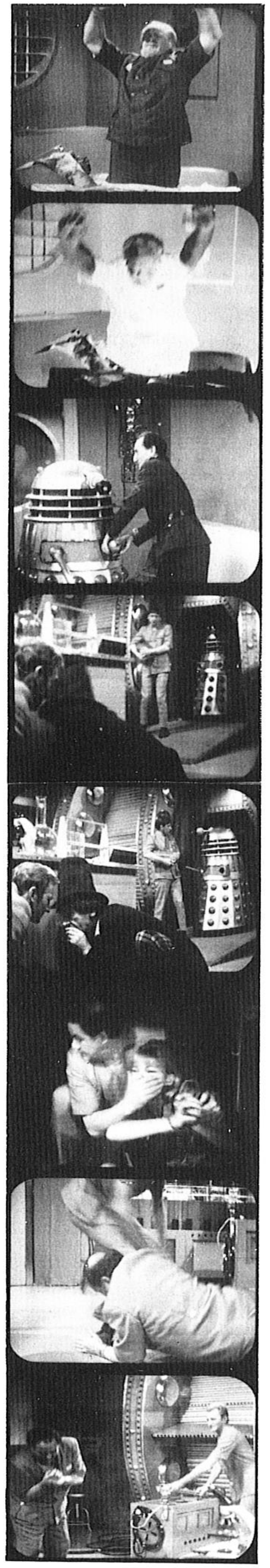
BRAGEN: My dear Hensell, you forget, they are not your guards, they are *mine.*

HENSELL: *I* am the Governor.

BRAGEN: No. Not now, I am.

He leans back smiling, enjoying every moment as Hensell comprehends the situation:

I see. Your guards, eh? Yes, Quinn warned me about your guards but we all took them too lightly. But we'll soon change *that.*



He turns to the door to find the guards blocking his way:

You imbecile. How long do you think your handful of guards can last when the people hear that I am being kept a prisoner in my own capital?

BRAGEN: The people will do exactly as they are told, Hensell.

He presses a button on the desk and stands up:

It will, of course, be easier for them if you co-operate with us.

He proffers the seat to Hensell as a Dalek enters.

BRAGEN: Wait there. Guards, dismiss.

Hensell sits down slightly relieved:

You want my co-operation, do you?

BRAGEN: It would save bloodshed. I might even let you keep the title of Governor.

HENSELL: Might you now! I'll tell you what you *will do.* You'll order your guards to disarm and place yourself under arrest immediately!

BRAGEN: You reject my offer? I thought it a generous one in the circumstances.

HENSELL: What circumstances?

Bragen unwraps the gun-stick:

Look at this!

HENSELL: What is it?

BRAGEN: The reason the colony is now mine.

He fixes it on to the Dalek as Hensell watches nervously:

Is it a weapon of some kind?

He rises suddenly, gripped with fear.

BRAGEN: I'll arrange a demonstration for you. Do you still refuse my offer!

HENSELL: I will not be intimidated.

BRAGEN: No, of course not. In character to the last, Hensell. *Kill him!*

Hensell arches in agony as the Dalek delivers its deadly ray and slumps dead to the ground. Bragen immediately disconnects the gun as the Dalek turns its eye-stick from the dead man to Bragen:

Why do human beings kill human beings?

BRAGEN: Get on with your work!

DALEK: *Yes, master. I obey.*

BRAGEN: Yes, obey me. I will have complete obedience from now on from *everyone.*

Sneaking into Lesterson's laboratory, the Doctor and Quinn hide behind the workbench as a Dalek glides out of the capsule followed by Valmar.

VALMAR: I'll have to check the cable circuit now. Otherwise it's just as you asked for.

DALEK: *Very well.*

VALMAR: Why can't you carry on with the power you're drawing from the colony? Why go to all this trouble?

DALEK: *Until now we have had to recharge from the colony supply. With static power, the Daleks will be twice as . . .*

It pauses:

. . . *useful.*

Janley rushes into the laboratory:

Valmar, quick!

VALMAR: What's the matter?

JANLEY: The Governor's back. Hurry. Come on.

VALMAR: What about the girl?

JANLEY: Leave her.

DALEK: *I will follow you.*

VALMAR: What for?

DALEK: *I am your servant.*

As they depart the Doctor and Quinn emerge from their hiding place and examine the newly-laid cables.

DOCTOR: An electrical circuit of their own supplying the static electricity! I wonder how much longer we've got?

He follows the cables to the capsule:

I didn't realise they had a circuit of their own . . .

Just inside the capsule, Polly and Kebble listen intently at the approaching voices. Kebble reaches for a vice but Polly wraps her arms around his legs and screams:

DOCTOR! LOOK OUT!

Kebble pushes her away as the Doctor and Quinn approach the capsule. He leaps from the capsule and attacks Quinn who eventually renders Kebble unconscious. Polly rushes up to the Doctor:

Are you all right?

DOCTOR: Well done! The man who left . . .?

POLLY: Valmar. He's been working for the Daleks.

DOCTOR (nodding): On their static power supply.

POLLY: Doctor, they've got Ben.

DOCTOR: He ran away from . . . Oh, it's a long story but don't worry, I think that boy can look after himself!

He turns and heads back to the capsule just as a Dalek emerges standing at the entrance — complete with gun-stick. As they back towards the laboratory door, the Doctor reaches for Kebble's vice.

QUINN: That won't help.

DOCTOR: Get out . . . go on!

QUINN: What about . . . ?

DOCTOR: *Go on!*

As Quinn and Polly leave the room the Dalek begins to glide from the capsule. The Doctor hurries out after them and jams the vice through the door handle. A second Dalek emerges from the capsule:

DALEK 2: *Have they escaped?*

DALEK 1: *Yes, return to capsule and report.*

DALEK 2: *I obey.*

The first Dalek batters at the door but it won't give. It backs away and trains its gun-stick at the centre of the door and fires. The metal vice and handle buckle in the intense heat and fall to the floor and the Dalek disappears through the doorway ready to receive its next order . . .

In their production-plant the Daleks are assembling . . .

DALEK 1: *We are to wait here until the human beings fight among themselves.*

DALEK 2: *Then we will strike . . .*

ALL DALEKS: *And EXTERMINATE . . . EXTERMINATE . . . EXTERMINATE . . .*

In Hensell's terrace the Doctor is examining the gun-stick while Polly and Quinn look pitifully at the dead body.

QUINN: The one man who could have saved us . . .

DOCTOR: Don't worry, the people will follow you, too.

QUINN: Maybe. But there wasn't any maybe about Hensell. He was old-fashioned. Single-minded, yes, but he did some wonderful work for this colony. Events turned out against him. But *why? Why* was he killed?

BRAGEN: I can answer that.

They spin around to see Bragen at the door, flanked by two of his guards:

The Governor wanted to have the Daleks destroyed, so one of them killed him. Now I'm declaring martial law. You will be returned to prison, *properly* guarded this time.

DOCTOR: Martial law! What good do you think that'll do against the Daleks?

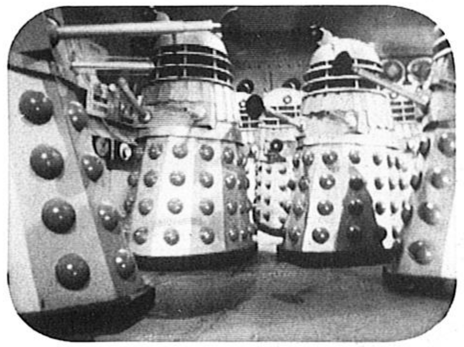
BRAGEN: The Daleks will do as I tell them.

DOCTOR: We shall see, won't we?

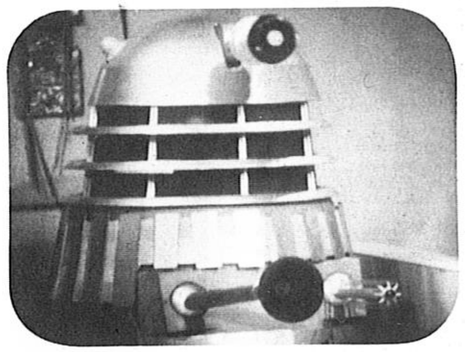
BRAGEN: Take them away.

Inside the capsule the time has come as the Daleks screech frenziedly: *EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE ALL HUMANS . . . EXTERMINATE ALL HUMANS . . . EXTERMINATE . . . ANNIHILATE . . . DESTROY! DALEKS CONQUER AND DESTROY . . . DALEKS CONQUER AND DESTROY . . . DALEKS CONQUER AND DESTROY . . .*

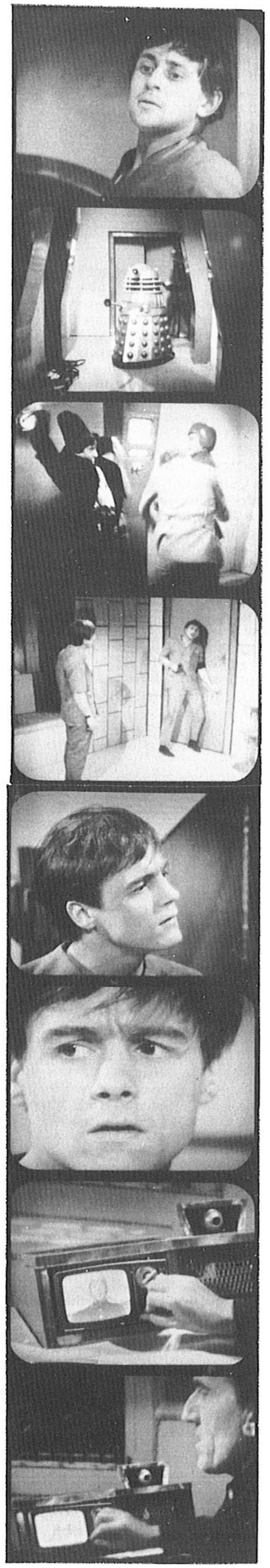
EPISODE FIVE
HIGHLIGHTS



EPISODE SIX
HIGHLIGHTS



A continuous line of Daleks stream from the capsule and out of the laboratory door.
DALEK: *Take up positions ready to exterminate all human beings.*
ALL DALEKS: *EXTERMINATE! . . .*



EXTERMINATE! . . . EXTERMINATE! . . .

The Doctor, Polly and Quinn are being marched back to the cells by two guards. Suddenly the Doctor stops dead in his tracks on sighting a Dalek at the top of the corridor.
1st GUARD: Move on!
DOCTOR: The Dalek!
POLLY: What about it?
DOCTOR: Can't you see? It's *armed!*
1st GUARD: Keep moving!
They continue but the Dalek covers the top end of the passage barring their way.
DALEK: *This area is restricted.*
QUINN: On whose authority?
2nd GUARD: Silence!
The Dalek scans the Doctor up and down and turns back to the guard, its voice increased by a couple of decibels:
Repeat. This area is restricted.
They turn as another Dalek appears behind them:
Obey, or you shall be exterminated!
POLLY: What do we do now, Doctor?
DOCTOR: This way.
The Guards hesitate and follow the Doctor uncertainly back along the passage. The Daleks watch intently as they leave and glide up to each other:
They will be exterminated . . .

Bragen is sitting in his new office. Janley is pacing up and down excitedly in front of him:
We've won! The revolution is over. I'll pass the word to Kebble, Valmar, and the rest.
BRAGEN: Wait. The revolution is not quite over yet.
JANLEY: What more can we do? Hensell is dead — you are now the Governor. The battle's over.
BRAGEN: Not quite. You mentioned Kebble and Valmar and that rabble. Now *they* must be dealt with.
JANLEY: But those are your own men . . .
BRAGEN: Of course.
JANLEY: I don't understand.
BRAGEN: Do you think I can ever be secure in this chair with that rabble loose? They revolted against Hensell yesterday, tomorrow it will be *my* turn. Let them revolt. Tell them the guards have taken control. Let them attack. Then we will crush them — *utterly.*
JANLEY: You say 'we'.
BRAGEN: Yes. We have come a long way together you and I. Are you going to back down now?
Outside Valmar is about to enter the terrace, but hears the hushed voices within and listens carefully by the door.
JANLEY: Couldn't you just arrest them?
BRAGEN: *Every one* must be killed.
JANLEY: Must they all be slaughtered?
BRAGEN: All of them. Well? Are you still with me?
Unseen by Janley he reaches into a drawer and takes out a gun. He cocks it ready . . .
JANLEY: I suppose so.
BRAGEN: Then do as I say.
He tosses the gun onto the desk:
I'm glad you agreed with me.
Janley's eyes widen in shock.
Outside the room Valmar frowns and limps away.

Moving along the corridor the Doctor and his party approach an intersection from which a weaponless Dalek glides. For once the arrival of a Dalek proves useful as the guard in front walks past the intersection just before the Dalek emerges, effectively cutting him off from the others.
DOCTOR: *Now!*
The Doctor puts a hand over his eyes and aimlessly waves his recorder wildly in front of him. Quinn seizes his chance and spins round, knocking the bewildered rear guard to the floor. The Doctor opens his eyes and gives a cry of triumph as he sees the unconscious guard. The other guard, still cut off by the Dalek, vainly draws his pistol as the Doctor shuffles back down the corridor followed by Polly and Quinn.

Brandishing a gun, Valmar shoves Ben into the rest room.
BEN: What you brought me in here for?
VALMAR: Quiet!
Valmar peers out of the door.
BEN: Who's side are you on anyway?
VALMAR: I thought I was going to be on the winning side.
BEN: What changed your mind?
VALMAR: Bragen, the colony's become too small for him. He wants us out of the way now.
BEN: Yeah, it often happens that way, mate, when you follow blokes like him.
VALMAR: Look, I'm going to try and get your friends here if I can, so wait here.
Ben watches puzzled as Valmar leaves the room.

A guard is consulting Bragen on his desk scanner:
The rebels are gathering but we've got them under observation.
BRAGEN: Don't let them concentrate into large groups. Hit them before they're organised. They'll be making their move any time now.
GUARD: Right.
Bragen flicks a switch and the image on the scanner fades away. He clears his throat and reaches for a microphone:
People of Vulcan, this is your new Governor talking to you. I have to announce that Governor Hensell has been murdered by the rebels. I have taken control temporarily until order is restored. People living in the perimeter and the interior should stay calm. We know who the murderers are. I shall keep you informed of events as soon as I can, so listen for the signal again to watch your communication sets. That is all.

Ben looks up from his bed as the door flies open and the Doctor, Polly and Quinn burst in.
DOCTOR: Ah, there you are. I knew you'd be all right.
POLLY: Ben!
BEN: Polly, are you okay?
POLLY: Yes.
BEN: Valmar found you did he?
POLLY: No.
QUINN: What's this about Valmar?
BEN: Seems Bragen's gone power mad — wants the rebels to revolt, then finish 'em off!
DOCTOR: The Daleks won't care *who* they fight. They'll exterminate every human being on the planet.
POLLY: Doctor, let's go back to the TARDIS.
The Doctor is already hurrying towards the door:
Quinn, keep them here . . .
BEN: Hey — wait for me!
Quinn bars his way as the Doctor disappears down the passageway.

Nearby a group of Daleks are taking instructions.
DALEK: *Orders received. Daleks commence extermination.*
ALL DALEKS: *EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!*

Hurrying down a corridor the Doctor runs headlong into Kebble and two armed guards. Another approaches from behind.
KEBBLE: Just a minute, Examiner.
GUARD: All right — hold it . . .
DOCTOR: Get down all of you!

The Doctor shouts frantically and flings himself to the ground. Suddenly a Dalek appears and the guard crashes to the floor under the impact of its death-rays. Crawling furiously along the floor, the Doctor grabs Kebble's arm and pulls him down as the Dalek trains its gun-stick on the other two helpless guards. As their death cries echo through the air the Doctor and Kebble race zig-zaggingly up the corridor.

In the laboratory Valmar is fitting the last control wire to three Dalek guns as Janley rushes in. He grabs the nearest wire and faces her:
Don't come any nearer.
JANLEY: What do you mean?
VALMAR: I overheard your conversation with Bragen, but you can't stand up to the Daleks. Your plan will come to nothing.
JANLEY: Not my plan, *Bragen's.*
VALMAR: Same thing?
JANLEY: Not any more.
VALMAR: You expect me to believe that?
JANLEY: He was ready to kill me too. I came here to do exactly what you've done — let Bragen see what the Daleks are like. He doesn't know how strong they are. He's got to be stopped.
2nd DALEK: *You will lead us to the middle of your party of human beings?*
VALMAR: Yes.
1st DALEK: *We will fight for you.*
JANLEY: Believe me, Val. It's the only way to save *all* our lives.
VALMAR: Did you know that the Daleks are duplicating?
JANLEY: Yes.
1st DALEK: *But we are your friends.*
2nd DALEK: *We will serve you.*
3rd DALEK: *Take us to the centre of your group.*
VALMAR: Can we trust them?
JANLEY: We must. The guards have orders to wipe us out. We must use the Daleks. Come on.
They move towards the door.

The Doctor arrives back at the rest room scanning the room desperately.
POLLY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Does this window open?
BEN: Dunno.
DOCTOR: Well, it'd better or we're done for.
POLLY: What d'you mean?
DOCTOR: The Daleks — the corridor's full of them. We must get back to Lesterson's lab.
Ben and Quinn help Polly through the window and climb through after her when Kebble appears at the door. As he runs through the doorway his hands reach for the sky and his back arches under the heat from a Dalek death ray. The Doctor scrambles through the window just as the Dalek glides into the room, its eye-stick waving wildly.

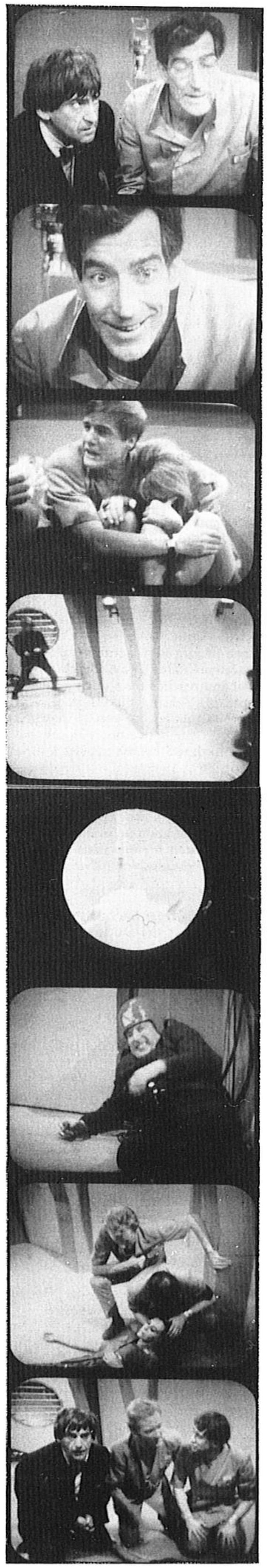
In the terrace, Bragen is speaking into the scanner again:
A group of rebels is attempting to take over the colony. It is the duty of all loyal citizens to help the guards resist them. Stay in your homes. Order will be restored. Listen for my bulletins.
A guard marches into the room as Bragen switches the scanner off.
GUARD: The rebels! They're using the Daleks to kill our people!
BRAGEN: Fight them, then! Don't come running to me. What do you think your guns are for?
GUARD: The guns don't work against them.
BRAGEN: Get back and fight them!

Across one of the corridors the rebels have built a barrier with bales and boxes. They exchange gun-shots with

guards further down the passage. Suddenly Janley and Valmar appear at an intersection with a Dalek. Holding the wire attachment Janley points and orders:
There . . . and there . . .
The Dalek fires and a guard twists and falls.
JANLEY: *Over there!*
This time the Dalek aims its gun-stick at the pile of bales and boxes.
JANLEY: *No,* they're *our* people!
VALMAR: *Cut the Dalek gun off!*
Janley switches off the gun control mechanism but still the Dalek fires and the barricade collapses and two rebels slump dead in the debris. Valmar snatches the wire from Janley:
I told you to cut the gun off!
JANLEY: *I did!*
VALMAR: Killed our own men . . .
Valmar pulls off the wire and the Dalek edges back slightly, staring at them.
VALMAR: We'll have to dismantle the gun, that's all.
JANLEY: Look at it!
DALEK: *Your usefulness is over.*
It raises its gun just as a guard appears along the corridor and aims at the Dalek. It spins around and fires, blasting the guard to the floor. In the diversion Janley and Valmar hurry away down the corridor.

The Doctor, Polly and Ben have reached the laboratory and Lesterson is ushering them inside behind the cover of the workbench.
POLLY: It's madness to hide in here.
BEN: D'you fancy your chances out there in the corridors? No thanks!
DOCTOR: The answer's here . . . it must be!
LESTERSON: Sssh!
A Dalek emerges from inside the capsule and glides out of the laboratory door.
LESTERSON: You must be absolutely quiet. They know everything that's going on. Everything. They even know what you're thinking . . .
Ben and Polly exchange helpless glances as Lesterson speaks matter-of-factly, obviously affected by all he has gone through.
BEN: Where do they draw their power from?
LESTERSON: Oh, I tried to turn the power off, but they were miles ahead of me. Marvellous creatures. You have to admire them.
BEN: Lesterson, we've got to *stop* them!
LESTERSON: It is too late for that. They're the new species, you see, taking over from Homo Sapiens. Man's had his day. Finished now.
He signals for silence as the Dalek returns to the laboratory. Another Dalek apears from the capsule.
2nd DALEK: *The static circuit is nearly complete.*
1st DALEK: *Soon we can abandon the power we are using.*
A scream of terror issues from the corridor outside.
2nd DALEK: *The humans are being exterminated.*
The Daleks glide back into the capsule.
BEN: Doctor, did you hear that? They're going to use their *own* power!
DOCTOR: The cables they laid . . . The trick I tried before won't work any more . . .
LESTERSON: Oh, it's too late. We're finished. All we can do is marvel at the creatures taking our place . . .
Lesterson beams with joy as he peers over the bench.

Janley rushes down an empty passageway calling over her shoulder to Valmar:
This way.
VALMAR: *No* . . .



He stops at the top of the corridor and calls after her:
Don't be a fool!
Suddenly Quinn appears behind him:
Let her go.
VALMAR: She's in the open that way, she'll run into . . .
As they watch they see a Dalek glide out from the end of the corridor, its gun adjusting to bear on Janley. She steps backwards:
No . . . *No!*
Quinn pulls Valmar back around the corner as the woman's screams pierce the air.

The scream can also be heard in the laboratory and Polly covers her face as Ben puts a consoling arm around her shoulder:
Take it easy, Pol.
POLLY: Can't we do *anything?* They're murdering everybody . . . One by one . . .
She weeps with horror and frustration as Ben turns on Lesterson:
You've done all this — why did you give them power in the first place?
The Doctor puts a hand on Ben's shoulder and shakes his head as if to say the scientist is now beyond answering for his actions.
LESTERSON: Well, I could control it, you see. But Janley got one of her men, Valmar, I think . . . yes, he rigged up a secret cable. It's carrying power directly from the colony supply . . .
The Doctor looks at Lesterson alertly:
Where? *Where is it Lesterson?*
LESTERSON: Valmar's the only one who can answer that, or the Daleks of course. They know everything. Yes, you should ask the Daleks . . .
BEN: We'll have to find Valmar then?
DOCTOR: You stay here and look after Polly.
There is another burst of firing outside and a man shouts out a rallying call, only to be followed seconds later by a dying scream. The Doctor waits and looks sympathetically at his two companions, then hearing the noise has subsided disappears out of the laboratory door.

All over the colony men and women, rebels and guards, are mercilessly being gunned down by the Daleks . . .

Valmar is mourning over the body of Janley cradled in his arms as Quinn kneels beside him:
You'll have to leave her, Valmar.
VALMAR: She wasn't as bad as you think.
The Doctor appears at the top of the corridor and calls out:
Valmar!
Suddenly a guard staggers into view and falls dead.
QUINN: Get down — both of you!
He pulls Valmar to the floor and they all lie down lifelessly as a Dalek moves along the corridor inspecting the 'dead' bodies. It looks momentarily at the Doctor who has pulled his jacket over his head and glides away. Once it has gone they all get up.
DOCTOR: Valmar! Where is the Daleks' power supply?
QUINN: We've got to stop them, Valmar. She's *dead!* There's nothing you can do for her!
VALMAR: The main cable's inside the capsule . . . but there's nothing you can do.
QUINN: There must be some way to cut the power off.
DOCTOR: What makes you think I want to do that? We must have more time. I know, a diversion!
QUINN: Eh?
DOCTOR: Bragen's Guards! We must use them to keep the Daleks busy. You go to Bragen.

The Doctor and Quinn move off in opposite directions.

Bragen is frantically flicking one scanner switch after the other:
Section One . . . where's your report? Are you there Section One? Two . . . why don't you answer? Three? Why don't they answer? *I* am their Governor. Why don't they answer?
He bangs his fist down on the desk in frustration.

All around the colony are littered the dead bodies of both guards and rebels. The Daleks are everywhere, silently scanning the bodies and searching to ensure all opposition is finished.

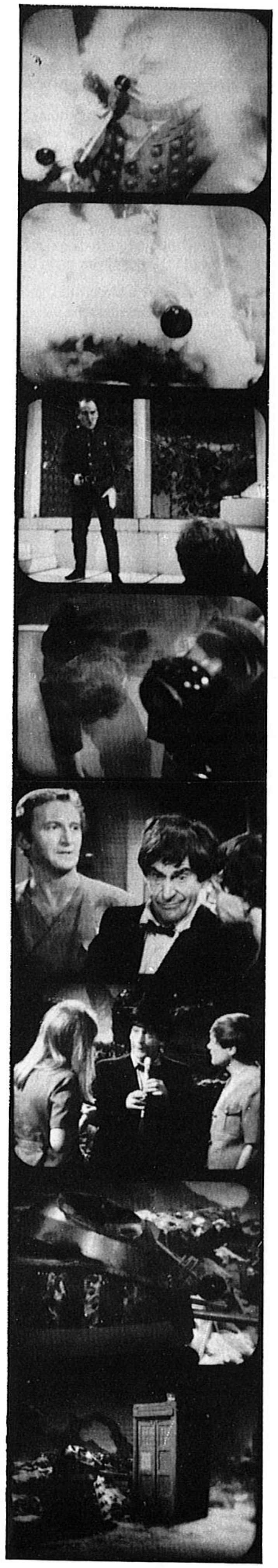
Ben, Polly and Lesterson wait behind the workbench as Bragen's voice echoes from the tannoy:
This is Bragen speaking. I am speaking to the Daleks. Daleks — *Listen to me!* I am the Governor. You must work for me. Do not trust the rebels. I will give you whatever you want. Immobolise your guns. *This is the Governor speaking.*
BEN: He's nuts. Trying to talk to the Daleks.
He points to a cupboard and turns to Lesterson:
What's in there, mate?
LESTERSON: Nothing. It's quite empty.
BEN: Right, Pol. In there, quick.
They climb into the cupboard as a Dalek emerges from the capsule.

BRAGEN: Do you hear me, Daleks. You will obey my orders.
Suddenly Quinn walks into the room:
No use, Bragen. The Daleks have stopped obeying your orders.
Bragen rises to his feet, shouting:
Guards!
QUINN: Dead. The Daleks have killed them. You still have guard units up in the interior. How long will it take them to get here?
BRAGEN: It depends.
QUINN: Well, get them!
BRAGEN: They will be intercepted by the Daleks.
QUINN: Exactly. And draw them away from here. It will give the Doctor time to deal with them.
BRAGEN: I refuse to allow my guards to be sacrificed.
QUINN: Then the Daleks will destroy everything on this colony.
Bragen hesitates, then reaches for his microphone.
BRAGEN: Guards! This is Bragen speaking. All units must report to the capital immediately. Be prepared to face the rebel Daleks. There, satisfied?
QUINN: I hope it works.
He covers Bragen with his gun.

The Doctor peers into the laboratory and signals to Valmar to follow him in. He calls out softly:
Ben, Polly?
His two companions emerge from their hiding place.
BEN: Did you hear Bragen? Let's hope the Daleks do go and face the guards . . .
POLLY: A lot of them went out just now.
DOCTOR: Good . . . because I'm going inside . . .
Ben and Polly exchange a delayed reaction but as they turn back to protest the Doctor has already disappeared inside the capsule. Seconds later he reappears holding one of the grey junction boxes:
Ben, get me one of those short cables over there. Polly, keep watch at the door.
The Doctor removes a cable from one of the points on the box, unsure that it is the correct one, as Ben brings over one of the cables lying in the corner of the laboratory which also has a socket attached. The Doctor snatches it from him and plugs it uncertainly into the empty point. The Doctor looks puzzled, as though he'd expected some sort of an explosion.

BEN: D'you know what you're doing?
DOCTOR: Of course I do!
BEN: Why can't you just take all the plugs out and cut the power off?
DOCTOR: Because I prefer to do it *my* way!
POLLY: Look out!
They all duck down out of sight as a Dalek comes through the laboratory door. A second Dalek appears from the capsule.
1st DALEK: *Static power is being stored. We can dismantle the human electric system.*
2nd DALEK: *The Law of the Daleks is in force.*
1st DALEK: *Extermination of humans* . . .
2nd DALEK: *Our cables have been moved!*
The Daleks look at the new cable which now threads towards the work bench, the Doctor crouching behind the other side holding the end. The Daleks start to follow it and as they approach the end of the bench Lesterson stands up suddenly:
And I could tell you who did it.
DALEK: *What were you doing in there?*
LESTERSON: I want to help you.
While Lesterson distracts the Daleks, the Doctor indicates to Ben and Polly to keep hidden as he edges towards the main switch.
DALEK: *Why?*
Clearing his throat, Lesterson attempts to impersonate his interrogator:
I am your servant!
DALEK: *We do not need humans now.*
LESTERSON: But you wouldn't kill *me.* I gave you life.
DALEK: *Yes, you gave us life.*
Suddenly its gun-stick raises and emits its death-ray, throwing the scientist to the floor. The Doctor watches horror-struck as the Daleks loom up on Ben and Polly but by now he has reached the generator and gives a relieved sigh as he plugs the cable home expecting a result — but nothing happens. Frantically he begins pulling at switches and turning dials when suddenly there is a flash and an explosion. Ben pulls Polly to the floor as the Doctor presses a particular switch home which has the most peculiar affect on the Daleks. They spin around uncontrollably, lights flashing furiously and smoke belching from within their casings. All over the colony the affect is the same as the Daleks succumb to the overpowering boost of power and explode. All the Dalek-powered machines also explode unable to contain such vast amounts of power.

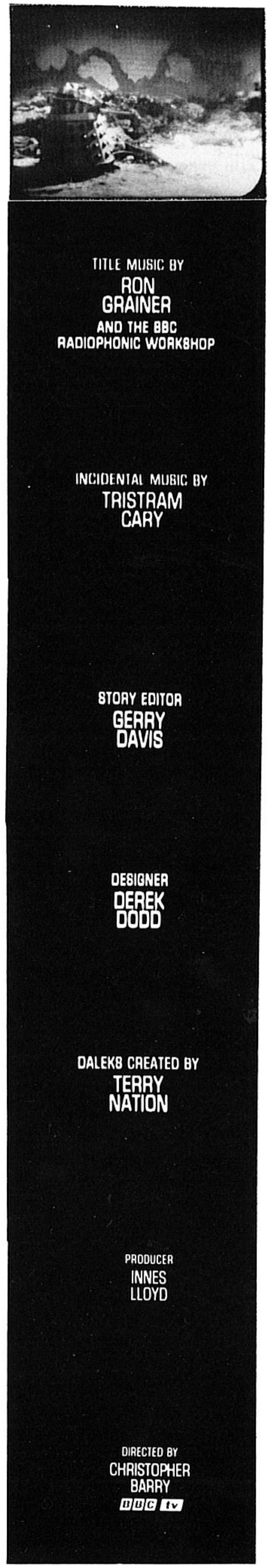
In Bragen's office Quinn and Bragen stare bewildred at a Dalek which had arrived to exterminate them but now stands lifelessly, smoke billowing out of its casing.
BRAGEN: What happened to it?
QUINN: I don't know . . .
BRAGEN: It would appear that your friend the Examiner was successful after all.
Taking advantage of the puzzled man, Bragen suddenly looms forward and chops the gun from Quinn's hand, sending him hurtling to the ground. He whisks the gun up and points it at him:
Now I shall restore law and order on this planet.
QUINN: Not your law, Bragen. That's finished for good.
BRAGEN: You'll obey me . . . or!
He raises the gun to fire . . .
QUINN: Your day is over, Bragen. No-one will obey you now.
BRAGEN: I am still the Governor.
His finger tightens on the trigger, a shot rings out and Bragen drops the gun as he is hit in the shoulder. He turns to



see Valmar facing him, gun in hand.
BRAGEN: Valmar, you must . . .
Valmar fires again and Bragen crumples dead to the ground.
QUINN: Thank you. It was a near thing.
VALMAR: He was a murderer.
He throws the gun away:
Enough of guns. There is so much to do.
QUINN: We must rebuild together. What is the extent of the damage?
VALMAR: I don't know if it's repairable. The whole electrical system . . .
They move out of the room discussing tentative plans for the colony's future.

Ben and Polly are standing over the Doctor's semi-conscious body when Quinn and Valmar walk in.
QUINN: Is he all right?
BEN: He's okay — Just knocked himself out.
Suddenly the Doctor wakens with a fearful expression which, on seeing his two companions widens into an inane grin.
QUINN: It was a miracle. How did you do it?
DOCTOR: Eh, what happened? What did I do — what happened?
BEN: You destroyed the Daleks, that's what you did!
POLLY: Don't be modest, Doctor.
The Doctor looks around at the carnage with a satisfied smile:
Did *I* do that?
POLLY: You know you did!
VALMAR: You used the power from the colony's electric supply, overfed it and blew up their temporary static circuit, didn't you?
The Doctor rubs his hands together gleefully:
Did *I* do *all* that?
VALMAR: You may have stopped the Daleks but have you any idea of the damage you've done to the colony . . .?
DOCTOR: Oh . . . Er . . . there was a blow back was there . . .?
VALMAR: A *blow back?* Our power supply has been *destroyed!* It'll be months before we can get things back to normal!
QUINN: Valmar!
DOCTOR: Oh, that is unfortunate.
VALMAR: But did it have to be *this* way?
DOCTOR: Did a lot of damage, did I?
He turns to Ben and Polly and whispers quietly:
Come on, I think we'd better get out of here before they send us the bill . . . !
He nods glumly at the direction of the door as Valmar and Quinn move into the capsule to inspect the damage.

Tracing their footsteps back through the mercury swamp, Ben is arguing discontentedly as the Doctor blows into his recorder:
Well, I mean I didn't exactly expect the brass bands to be playing, but I wouldn't have thought a 'thank you' would have hurt anybody . . .
POLLY: All those poor people, killed . . .
BEN: I know but the Doctor saved the whole colony from being completely wiped out! And he was telling them all along, but would they listen . . . ?
POLLY: Mind you, he wasn't very convincing when he was trying to explain to Quinn and Valmar and everybody. Doctor . . . you *did* know what you were doing, didn't you?
A slight doubt crosses their minds and the Doctor pauses and removes the recorder from his lips. He looks at them very solemnly, then suddenly grins and gives a tremendous wink and moves off again. Ben and Polly follow him up to the TARDIS laughing. Next to it stands an exploded, dormant Dalek.
DOCTOR: Aaah!
Ben follows the Doctor into the TARDIS, slapping the Dalek as he passes:



TITLE MUSIC BY
RON GRAINER
AND THE BBC RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP

INCIDENTAL MUSIC BY
TRISTRAM CARY

STORY EDITOR
GERRY DAVIS

DESIGNER
DEREK DODD

DALEKS CREATED BY
TERRY NATION

PRODUCER
INNES LLOYD

DIRECTED BY
CHRISTOPHER BARRY

You don't want to worry about them anymore, Doctor. Just a heap of old iron now.
Polly follows them inside and the doors close behind her. The sound of the Doctor's recorder mingles weirdly with the wheezing dematerialising noise of the TARDIS and seems to hang in the air long after the police box has gone.
Slightly, every so slightly, the Dalek's eye stick limps upwards . . .

The end

PRODUCTION CREDITS

CAST

DOCTOR WHO	PATRICK TROUGHTON
POLLY	ANNEKE WILLS
BEN	MICHAEL CRAZE
THE EXAMINER	MARTIN KING
QUINN	NICHOLAS HAWTREY
BRAGEN	BERNARD ARCHARD
LESTERSON	ROBERT JAMES
JANLEY	PAMELA ANN DAVY
HENSELL	PETER BATHURST
RESNO	EDWARD KELSEY
VALMAR	RICHARD KANE
KEBBLE	STEVEN SCOTT
DALEKS	GERALD TAYLOR, KEVIN MANSER ROBERT JEWELL, JOHN SCOTT-MARTIN
DALEK VOICES	PETER HAWKINS
GUARDS	PETER FORBES-ROBERTSON ROBERT RUSSELL, ROBERT LUCKHAM
Non-speaking:	
GUARDS	TONY LAMMAR, TONY LEARY, BERNARD FOREST, VICTOR MUNT
MALE REBELS	NIGEL PARRY JONES DAVID JAMES, DAVE CARTER, PHILIP RYAN, TONY ROHR
FEMALE REBELS	NADIA BAKER, JENNY LAUTREC, JENNY ROBBINS JUDITH POLLARD
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT	MICHAEL BRIANT
ASSISTANT FLOOR MANAGER	MARJORIE YORKE
ASSISTANTS	GAIL PAUL, SYBIL HARPER, JENNIFER JONES
GRAMS OPERATOR	LANCE ANDREWS
VISION MIXERS	CLIVE DOIG, DENNIS CURRAN
FLOOR ASSISTANTS	JULIAN ASTON, EDDIE SHAH
LIGHTING	GRAHAM SOUTHCOTT, RAY HIDER
SOUND	BUSTER COLE
FILM CAMERAMAN	PETER SARGENT
FILM EDITOR	JIM LATHAM
COSTUME SUPERVISOR	SANDRA REID
MAKE-UP SUPERVISOR	GILLIAN JAMES
INCIDENTAL MUSIC	TRISTRAM CARY
STORY EDITOR	GERRY DAVIS
DESIGNER	DEREK DODD
PRODUCER	INNES LLOYD
DIRECTOR	CHRISTOPHER BARRY

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RECORDING DATA

EPISODE ONE
CAMERA REHEARSALS:
Saturday 22nd October, 1966 Studio One, Riverside
1030 - 1300 Camera Rehearsal with TK-26
1300 - 1400 LUNCH
1400 - 1900 Camera Rehearsal with TK-26
(1545 - 1615 approx. TEA)
1900 - 2000 DINNER
2000 - 2030 Sound and vision lineup
RECORDING:
2030 - 2145 VT/4T/35242
TRANSMISSION: Saturday 5th November, 1966

EPISODE TWO
CAMERA REHEARSALS:
Saturday 29th October, 1966 Studio One, Riverside
1030 - 1300 Camera Rehearsal with TK-38 from 11.30)
1300 - 1400 LUNCH
1400 - 1900 Camera Rehearsal
(1545 - 1615 approx. TEA)
1900 - 2000 DINNER
2000 - 2030 Sound and vision lineup
RECORDING:
2030 - 2145 VT/4T/35575
TRANSMISSION: Saturday 12th November, 1966

EPISODE THREE
CAMERA REHEARSALS:
Saturday 5th November, 1966 Studio One, Riverside
1030 - 1300 Camera Rehearsal (with TK-39 from 11.30)
1300 - 1400 LUNCH
1400 - 1900 Camera Rehearsal
(1545 - 1615 approx. TEA)
1900 - 2000 DINNER
2000 - 2030 Sound and vision lineup
RECORDING:
2030 - 2145 VT/4T/35583
TRANSMISSION: Saturday 19th November, 1966

EPISODE FOUR
CAMERA REHEARSALS:
Saturday 12th November, 1966 Studio One, Riverside
1030 - 1300 Camera Rehearsal (with TK-38 from 11.30)
1300 - 1400 LUNCH
1400 - 1900 Camera Rehearsal with TK-26
(1545 - 1615 approx. TEA)
1900 - 2000 DINNER
2000 - 2030 Sound and vision lineup
RECORDING:
2030 - 2145 VT/4T/35685
TRANSMISSION: Saturday 26th November, 1966

EPISODE FIVE
CAMERA REHEARSALS:
Saturday 19th November, 1966 Studio One, Riverside
1030 - 1300 Camera Rehearsal (with TK-26)
1300 - 1400 LUNCH
1400 - 1900 Camera Rehearsal (with TK-26)
(1545 - 1615 approx. TEA)
1900 - 2000 DINNER
2000 - 2030 Sound and vision lineup
RECORDING:
2030 - 2145 VT/4T/35809
TRANSMISSION: Saturday 3rd December, 1966

EPISODE SIX
CAMERA REHEARSALS:
Saturday 26th November, 1966 Studio One, Riverside
1030 - 1300 Camera Rehearsal (with TK-39)
1300 - 1400 LUNCH
1400 - 1900 Camera Rehearsal (with TK-39)
(1545 - 1615 approx. TEA)
1900 - 2000 DINNER
2000 - 2030 Sound and vision lineup
RECORDING:
2030 - 2145 35/6T/36252
TRANSMISSION: Saturday 10th December, 1966